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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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THE HUNTSMAN AND THE HOUNDS.



ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.  
THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

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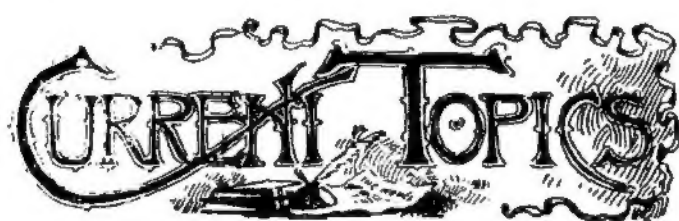
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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

31st JANUARY, 1891.

With reference to our Prize Competition, we think it well to remind our subscribers that the coupons—entitling the holder to compete—are only sent when applied for. All direct subscribers who wish to take part should, therefore, write at once for same.



## The Civic Elections.

It is a curious phase of Canadian and American life that the possession of a seat in the chief civic governing body carries with it so little dignity and general respect. In the United States this extends even to the representatives of the nation, so that a member of Congress often is—as portrayed in the cartoons and jokes of the comic papers—considered as fair a mark for ridicule as any buffoon in the country. With us, an M.P. receives a certain degree of respect; but an alderman, however estimable a person he may be, derives all the honour in which he is held from his private virtues, not from the dignity of his office. It is probable that this lack of public appreciation of the office has arisen from the number of inferior men—socially, mentally and morally—who have been elected to civic representation by similar classes in the voting community (thanks to universal suffrage), and also from the amount of bribery and corruption proved to have been going on in many cities to such a degree that the terms "alderman" and "boodler" are there almost synonymous. Such a feeling on the part of the more intelligent public cannot but be extremely detrimental to the best interests of the community, and produces with many people such a degree of apathy as results in their neglecting to vote at all, leaving the outcome of the election largely in the hands of a certain pushing and determined class who not only themselves vote as often as possible, but spare no exertions in seeing that those of a similar way of thinking are brought to the polls. These people generally have ends in view, and in most cases obtain what they want through the neglect of the very class whose intelligence and greater interests in the general welfare of the city should make them the most active in working for the best and most honest representation. The Montreal civic elections will take place on 2nd February; and, for the best interests of the city, it is to be hoped that those who really wish to assist in its material progress will let nothing stand in the way of their registering their votes. This is especially necessary in the election for the mayoralty. The chief civic officer of the commercial metropolis of Canada should be a gentleman and a man of honour, free from any taint of boodler or bribery, and one who knows enough of the usages of society to welcome and entertain any distinguished visitor in a manner worthy of the city. We sincerely hope that none other will be elected.

## Public Libraries.

The rapid advance of cities and towns throughout Great Britain in all things helpful to the growth of literary life is a marked feature of the present day. As far back as 1850 special legislation opened the way for public libraries to be established throughout the kingdom, regulating the taxation to cover the necessary expense; the maximum of this tax was fixed at the low figure of one penny to the pound. Since that date additional acts have been passed, facilitating the placing of the best reading of the world freely before the masses. There is now scarcely a town or city in England but what has one or more free libraries, and, largely through this means, the interest in literature throughout the country is widespread, and permeates all classes. When we reflect that in London alone there exist public libraries aggregating over two million volumes of books, seven-eighths of which are accessible to a respectable student, it will be seen what a vast mine of literary treasure the London author or journalist has at his feet. No wonder that such advantages make that city the literary centre of the world, apart from any other consideration. Canada is shamefully behindhand in this respect. Toronto, always the leader in such matters, has seen the folly of leaving the literary culture of her citizens at the mercy of spasmodic philanthropy or occasional bequest, and has made the maintenance of a free library part and parcel of her civic institutions, with the result that to-day she possesses a really excellent collection of books, especially rich in what should be a *sine qua non* in every library in Canada—a valuable and comprehensive collection of books and pamphlets on the history of this country. Hamilton has recently followed Toronto's example and has now a very creditable public library. Both cities are annually devoting large sums to the purchase of new books of interest, while steadily increasing their stock of bibliographic rarities. No wiser step could be taken by the other large cities of the Dominion than to make the establishment and judicious maintenance of similar institutions an incorporated part of their civic expenditure.

## The Late Duke of Bedford.

The tragic death of the DUKE OF BEDFORD brings into public prominence a name high in the annals of England for much that goes to make a great house celebrated. By repute dating back to the time of Edward I, the family of Russell came into royal favour in 1506, through the possession and exercise by its founder of unusually polished and refined manners as especially shown to the ARCHDUKE PHILIP of Austria with whom he was accidentally brought into contact. Raised to the peerage in 1539, he participated to a large extent in the grants of land made to the gentry in the following year on the dissolution of the great monasteries throughout England. Large additional estates accrued to the family in subsequent years through marriage and in other ways; one of the latest and most valuable being Covent Garden and adjoining property—now in the heart of London. The title of EARL OF BEDFORD had been granted to the family representative in 1550, and the 5th Earl received the highest patent of nobility in 1694, being made MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK and DUKE OF BEDFORD. In English history one of the most prominent members was LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL who was executed in 1683 for supposed participation in the Rye house plot, and of whom MACAULAY speaks in the highest terms of praise. Another was EDWARD RUSSEL afterwards EARL OF ORFORD, who won a great victory over the French at La Hogue in 1692. The Duke just deceased was born in 1819, and served in the Scots Fusilier Guards from 1839 to 1844. He entered Parliament a few years afterwards, and represented Bedfordshire for 25 years, when he became a Peer, thereafter sitting in the Upper House. As owner of a very large number of houses in London, his duties as landlord were much criticised, but he was an unusually liberal man in many ways, giving largely to charities, although in the most quiet and unostentatious manner.

# The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

## QUESTIONS.

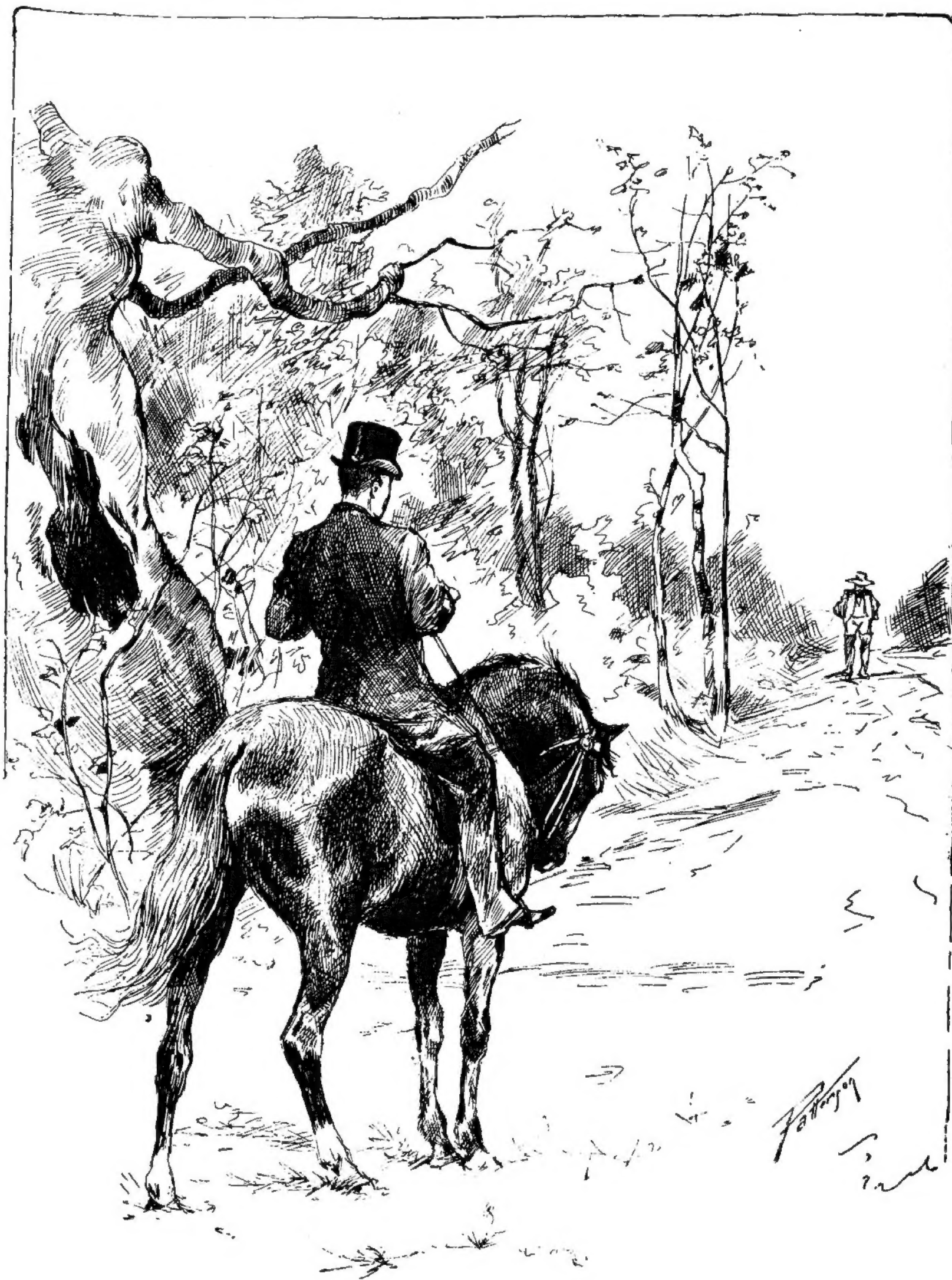
FIRST SERIES.

- 1.—State where mention is made of the war of 1812, and give particulars as concisely as possible.
- 2.—Give details of the announcement of forthcoming books by Canadian authors.
- 3.—Where is mention made of an unfinished work by an English writer now dead.
- 4.—Describe briefly a midnight scene in the forest, and state where mentioned.
- 5.—Some habits of a well-known English novelist are mentioned. Give particulars.
- 6.—Where, and in what connection is mentioned, the most prominent poetess of this century.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 135 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January.

The second series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th February.





# THE WEDDING RING,

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The experiment succeeded, well enough, at least, to give me hope that it might succeed altogether if I give it time. Sir George consented to sell me the place—it is an outlying piece of property, bought by his father only a few years ago, and since then I have remained here, working and educating Dora. You are the only person in the world, Mr. Bream, who knows my secret. I know that I have no need to ask you to keep it, but I do ask you to pardon my ingratitude in being silent all these years."

"Are you quite sure," asked Bream, "that you have been silent?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"Do you remember the date on which you left the hospital? It was the 8th of April. On the 8th of April of every year I have received a £50 note, with a slip of paper bearing the words, "For the poor of your parish, from a friend grateful for past kindness." It was not your hand, but I have always thought it came from you."

"Yes," she said quietly. "It came from me. Conscience money, Mr. Bream."

"More than enough," said Bream, "to buy you all the absolution you ever needed. I hardly required your explanation, I understood from the first. I am sorry that circumstance has brought me here, since my presence awakens such unwelcome memories."

"Do not think that," she answered. "Since I have never forgotten, you cannot charge it to yourself that you have made me remember. You are as welcome to me now as you will be, before long, to every one of your parishioners."

"It was some little time before silence was broken between them again. Then Bream asked:

"You have never had news of—him?"

He shrank from mentioning O'Mara's name, remembering that she had avoided it.

"None, whatever."

"You have made no inquiries, caused none to be made?"



"God forbid!"

"But is that wise? You may be a free woman now, not free merely in the sense of his absence, but for altogether, by his death."

"It is best," she said, "to let sleeping dogs lie. Besides, in what direction could I look for news? He disappeared utterly, leaving not the smallest trace. And it is seven years ago."

"It is some comfort," said Bream, "that the scoundrel committed his greatest villainy just at that moment, and when he thought he was shifting a burden from his shoulders was, in reality, robbing himself of a fortune."

She made no answer to his remark. They had reached the end of a long shaded alley. They turned, and she held out her hand.

"Then—we are friends again, Mr. Bream?"

"We were never anything else," he answered, as he took the proffered hand. "I have never thought of you all the time but with respect and pity. I am glad, gladder than I can tell you, that the need for pity is past, and that you are happy at last."

"Yes," she said, looking wistfully down at the summer snow of acacia leaves with which the path was strewn, "I suppose I am as happy as one has a right to expect to be in this world. But that is enough of me and my affairs. Tell me of yourself. What have you been doing all this long time?"

"Really," he said, "I have nothing to tell. Coming here has been the only event in my life since we last met."

"Well," she said, "I suppose men are like nations—and those are happiest that have no history."

"We all have histories," he said, "of one sort or another. Mine is finished—for the present, at least."

She remembered the words later, though they had little enough meaning for her at the moment. Her other guests came in sight, Mr. Herbert and Sir George Venebles strolling side by side, the latter with Dora perched upon his shoulder, like a tropical bird, busy in weaving wild flowers about his hat.

"There," said Sir George, depositing her on the ground, "you've had a long ride, and I want to talk to Bream. He and I are old friends, you know."

"But I haven't finished the hat," said Dora, pouting, "and I was making it so pretty."

"Very well. There's the hat. Work your sweet will upon it," he continued, taking the curate's arm, and drawing him apart from Mrs. Dartmouth and Mr. Herbert. "Have you any engagement to-night?"

"Nothing that I know of, unless Mr. Herbert should want me."

"Then come over to the Lodge and dine with me, there's a good fellow, and stay till morning. Why on earth you wanted to go and stick yourself into that hole in the village, when you might have come and put up with me, is more than I can understand."

"It is nearer my work, for one thing," said Bream. "I want to get to know my parishioners, and to be within easy call of the vicar, until I have learned the routine of the place. But I'll come over to-night and dine with you."

"Good!" said Sir George, clapping him on the shoulder, "I'll get Mrs. Dartmouth to lend you a horse, and send it back in the morning by a groom. It will be like old times having you about me again, old fellow. I'm very solitary, all alone in that great rambling place since the old man died."

"Solitude," said the curate, "is not an incurable disorder, I should think, for a man with ten thousand a year, and one of the best estates and oldest names in the country."

Sir George made no answer, but flicked at his boot with his riding-whip in an absent-minded fashion.

"You seem to have been getting on very well with Mrs. Dartmouth," he said abruptly. "What do you think of her?"

"She seems a very pleasant, amiable woman," answered Bream, rather constrainedly. "She

bought this place from you, she tells me," he continued, merely for the sake of saying something to continue the conversation.

"Yes," said Sir George. "I sold her the place. Pretty, isn't it?"

"Very pretty."

Their talk languished after this, though they were old and close friends, who had not met for seven years. Bream's mind was busy with the matter of his recent talk with Mrs. Dartmouth, and Sir George walked beside him in a moody silence, slapping his boot at intervals.

"It is time we were going," he said at last, referring to his watch. They turned and rejoined Mrs. Dartmouth.

"Bream is going over to the Lodge to dine with me, sir, if you have no objection," said Sir George to the vicar.

"By no means," said Mr. Herbert. "Our work for the day is over. You will meet me at the school to-morrow morning at eleven, Bream?"

"I am mounted," said Sir George, "and Bream is not. I wonder, Mrs. Dartmouth, if you would lend him a horse until the morning? You could ride him back yourself, Bream."

"I will lend him Jerrica," said Mrs. Dartmouth. "Barbara!" she called across the lawn to the servant, who was clearing away the table under the chestnut tree, "Get Jerrica saddled for Mr. Bream."

They strolled back across the lawn, Dora chatting to Sir George as she added the finishing touches to the decorations of his hat, and getting absent-minded monosyllables in reply.

"There," she said, "now it's lovely. Stoop down and I'll put it on for you."

He stooped, obedient to the small tyrant, and, when she had put on the hat, took her up in his arms and kissed her. His sombre face contrasted oddly with the festive appearance of his headgear.

"What makes you look so solemn?" she asked him.

"Do I look solemn?" he asked in return.

"Oh, dreadful!" said Dora. "I can guess," she added, "shall I? It's because mamma was talking such a long time to the new gentleman, Mr. Bream, instead of to you. I saw you watching them."

Sir George blushed a fiery red, and shot a quick glance at the others to see if they showed signs of having noticed the wisdom of this precocious infant.

"Little girls shouldn't talk nonsense," he said, severely.

"I'm not little," said Dora, "I'm almost grown up. I'm eight. If you call me little again I'll take the flowers out of your hat."

This dread threat brought them to the house. Sir George was glad of the obscurity in the wide hall, which hid his still blushing face, and he lingered there talking a little at random, till Jerrica and his own horse were announced as waiting. Then he gave Dora a final kiss, and shook hands with Mrs. Dartmouth and the vicar.

"You surely are not going to ride home with those flowers in your hat," said the hostess.

"Till I get out of sight of the house," he answered. "It pleases Dora."

She laughed and turned to the curate.

"Dora and I always take tea at five o'clock," she said, "and we shall always be glad to see you."

He thanked her, and rode away with the Baronet. The road was solitary, and they had gone a mile or more before Sir George untwined Dora's garland. Even then he rode on with it in his hand for some distance, and it was with an audible sigh that he let it fall from his fingers to the dust.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SIR GEORGE.

The two friends rode side by side, in silence for the most part, until they came to Crouchford Lodge, a venerable pile of building, of which the central and oldest portion was Elizabethan, and the two wings of the date of the first Charles and the second George respectively.

It stood on a little eminence (quite a hill it seemed amid the flat Essex meadows) and com-

manded a goodly view of the broad acres which owned Sir George as master.

Dinner that evening was as dull a business as the two companions, instead of being bosom friends who had not met for years, had been long since bored to death by each other's society, and could find nothing to say. Bream, who had by this time got over his amazement at recognizing his old Westminster parishioner in Mrs. Dartmouth, made several attempts to lead his companion into conversation, but with little avail. Sir George woke up for a minute, only to fall back into his usual reserve. At last, when coffee had been served, and they were left alone with their cigars, the curate roundly challenged his friend as to the reason of his melancholy.

"I may as well tell you," said Venebles. "One gets a sort of relief sometimes by talking freely. But not here. Let's get out of doors into the fresh air."

They passed out together in the growing moonlight, and the baronet, at first with an obvious effort, but increasing ease as he continued, loosened himself to his old friend.

"You asked me just now," he said, "why I went abroad the year before last and stayed away until two months ago. I'll tell you. It was because I had asked Mrs. Dartmouth to be my wife, and she had refused, and I thought that change of scene and occupation might help me to forget her."

"She refused you," repeated Bream.

"Yes."

"Did she give any reason for the refusal?"

"I asked her for a reason. She begged me to let the question go unanswered, but assured me that the reason was sufficient."

"Who is Mrs. Dartmouth?" asked Bream.

It went against the honest openness of his nature to be guilty of even such innocent feigning as this, but he held the woman's secret in trust, and had bound himself in silence. Sir George was his oldest friend, and he must needs show sympathy for him in his trouble.

"She is Mrs. Dartmouth," answered the baronet.

"That is all I know, and all I want to know, except for the last five years she has been the only woman in the world to me."

"You know nothing of her antecedents?"

"Nothing whatever. She came here with her child five years ago, and took the farm through an agent. A year later she made personal overtures to buy it. My father was very unwilling to let her go, but I persuaded him, and he gave way. That was the beginning of a misunderstanding between us, which lasted to his death—the only one we ever had together. I was so infatuated with Gillian after my first meeting with her that I couldn't keep away from her, and my constant presence at the farm got to be the talk of the country. There was some scandal about it, I heard—the fools about here would talk scandal of an angel, I think."

He paused, angrily striking his boots with his riding-whip.

"Well, it came to my father's ears, and he spoke of it to me, and warned me that I was damaging Mrs. Dartmouth's reputation and hurting my own prospects. He had plans for me. Our neighbour, Sir James Dayne, had an only daughter, and the two estates run side by side. It was the old man's dream to put a ring-fence round them. He told me all this. I don't know what I said, but I remember what I did. I jumped on horseback and went over to Mrs. Dartmouth, and asked her to marry me. She refused, as I have already told you."

Bream listened, but expressed no surprise. Sir George continued:

"I was like a man dazed for weeks after, and then I had a severe illness—a brain fever. It was thought that I should die; but I recovered. My father was very good about it; he did not reproach me, or press me to obey his wishes in any direct way, for some time. I suppose he saw the case was desperate, and understood that his only chance was to give me time. After a while, he returned to the subject very delicately. He brought Miss Dayne and me together, and encour-



aged people, in a quiet way, to look on our union as certain. I suppose I gave him some right to do so, for I never mentioned Mrs. Dartmouth's name for months, or went near her."

"Wise, perhaps," interrupted Bream.

"Once I met her by accident, at a yeomanry ball, and I am sure that no stranger who had seen our meeting would have discovered that there was anything between us but the most commonplace acquaintance. I seemed numbed, somehow, as I felt once when I was pitched on my head out hunting, and got up and rode home. My father thought I was cured; I should have thought so, too, if I could have cared for anything, or felt any interest in life. Something like a tacit engagement was entered into with the Daynes. I was to go abroad and travel a little, and when I came back the engagement was to be made public, and we were to be married."

Sir George paused, with a gloomy frown, then proceeded:

"She—the girl—was a good, feeble, insignificant little creature, who would have married a labourer off her father's fields if she had been ordered to do it. It was arranged that I should go away for a year. I started, and got as far as Paris, and then—God knows what idea I had in my poor head—I knew it was hopeless, and whether I was at home or at the North Pole it would make no difference; but I came back, I could not bear to be away from her. My father saw that it was no further use to struggle with me, and gave in about Miss Dayne. He died a year later, and I succeeded to the title and the estates, and some months later I made a second proposal to Mrs. Dartmouth."

"And then?"

"I learnt then, what I had never known before, that she loved me. She told me so. I begged her to tell me what was the obstacle that kept us apart, but she would not. She extracted a promise from me that I would go away from England for a short time, and that, come what might, she would marry no other man. I went, and travelled all over the continent, and through America and Australia. I was away nearly two years, till I could stay away no longer. The absence did me a little good. I shall never cease to love her, but I have learned patience. I can meet her now as a friend, without making her unhappy by asking her for what she cannot give me. I am not very unhappy, except at moments, and I manage to keep my unhappiness to myself, as a general thing. I potter about the estate, and attend Quarter Sessions, and all the rest of it, and I daresay some day I shall go into the House, and be a tolerable success as a country gentleman."

"Have you no idea of her reason for refusing to marry you?"

"She gave me none. I can only guess. The likeliest guess I can make is that her husband is still alive. A nice brute he must have been to quarrel with an angel like that. By God, Bream, when you know her as I do—she's an angel. She's been the sunlight of this place since she's been here. You'll hear what the poor say about her. They worship her, and no wonder. She's the best friend they ever had."

"Do you see her often?"

"No oftener than I can help," he replied, simply.

"I hadn't been there for six weeks when I called to-day."

"You could hardly have liked my monopolizing her as I did," said Bream.

"I did not mind it," answered Sir George. "I am glad to be near her, but it is as well, perhaps, that I should not be alone with her. I am not certain if I could trust myself to speak of—of things better left unspoken of."

The anodyne which soothes the heart of one who has spoken of a secret trouble to a sympathetic listener had come to him, and he was more cheerful, more like his strong and hopeful self, whom Bream had known years ago, when they had been boys together. They walked late under the moonlight, talking of many things, old memories and future plans. Sir George was cheerful at breakfast, and saw his friend mount and start back to

the village with jovial invitations to him to come again soon and stay a longer time.

As Bream drew near Mrs. Dartmouth's house, he saw approaching him the figure of a tall and strongly built man, clad in what seemed a peculiar compromise between the ordinary dress of a peasant and that of a sailor. He had on a pair of dilapidated longshore boots reaching to mid-thigh, and splashed with mud of various hues, as were the corduroy trousers which surmounted them, a blue flannel shirt with a carelessly knotted flaming red tie, a ragged tweed jacket, and a broad felt sombrero. He seemed to be under the influence of liquor, for he was reeling and tacking from side to side of the road, and every now and then pausing to hold on to a tree branch. Thinking that it was an early hour for the most faithful subject of *La Dive Bouteille* to be so nearly prostrate at her shrine, and wondering if one so strangely garbed was merely a passing tramp or one of his parishioners, Bream turned in at Mrs. Dartmouth's gate.

The lady was on the lawn in front of the house, equipped with gardening gauntlets and a pair of shears, and engaged in trimming a rosebush, with Dora hovering about her. She gave him a pleasant greeting, and called to a gardener at work at a little distance, to take the mare round to the stable. They were chatting together as she continued her work among the flowers, when a sudden cry of alarm from Dora made them both turn. There, in the gateway, stood the figure which Bream had seen a few minutes before in the road. In the very moment in which Bream again caught sight of him, he set both hands to his head, and with a long groan fell forward on the path, sending the gravel flying in a little shower about his prostrate figure.

Bream ran to him. He was lying face downwards, in an attitude of complete unconsciousness and self-abandonment.

Turning him over as he raised his head, the curate saw that he had altogether misread the man's condition. He was not drunk, but clearly very ill. His face was blanched to the hue of chalk, his lips a dull violet, the half-opened lids showed the glaring and discoloured whites of his eyes. The beating of his heart was scarcely sensible to the touch of Bream's hand, and only his slow and stertorous breath betrayed that life was in him.

"The man is seriously ill," he answered to Mrs. Dartmouth's rapid questions. "He has fainted from hunger."

"Poor wretch," said Mrs. Dartmouth, pityingly. "Can you not carry him into the hall? Tom will help you."

The gardener had returned, and lent a pair of strong and willing hands. The wayfarer was carried into the house, and set upon a chair, where he sat, lax as an unstrung marionette, supported by Bream's arm.

"A bad business, I fear," said the latter. "Could you let me have a little brandy, please?"

A ring at the bell produced Barbara, who went in search of the spirit, and stood by while Bream gently insinuated a teaspoonful into the man's throat. He sighed, and a faint tinge of colour flickered into his ashen cheeks.

"That's better," said Bream. "Come, my lad, try another dose."

The second teaspoonful of liquor worked a marked change for the better in the man's aspect and condition. The colour in his face deepened, his eyes opened, and after letting them wander for a moment he fixed them on Mrs. Dartmouth. His lips stirred with a broken murmur, and he made a wandering movement with his arm, meant, perhaps for a phrase of thanks and a salute, though no word was distinguishable, and his arm fell heavily by his side again.

"Is there any workhouse or asylum that would take the poor fellow in?" asked Bream.

"None nearer than Stortford," answered Mrs. Dartmouth, "and that is twelve miles away. Is he very ill?"

"Too ill to stand such a journey," said Bream. "He is almost exhausted. What is to be done?"

"We must give him shelter here, I suppose. It would be inhuman to turn him out on the road again."

"Eh, missus," said Barbara, "but he is such a rough lookin' chap."

"It may be a long business," said Bream. "He has evidently only partially recovered from a severe illness, possibly an infectious disorder."

"There is a loft over the stable," said Mrs. Dartmouth, "where the groom used to live before his cottage was finished. He would be quite safe there."

"Lord save us, missus," again interposed Barbara, "we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

"Not by this fellow," said Bream, "for a time at any rate. He hasn't the strength to murder a fly. Whatever is to be done, should be done quickly."

"We cannot turn him out," said Mrs. Dartmouth again, "that would be too shameful. Will you help Tom to carry him to the loft, Mr. Bream, and please tell me what food he should have."

"Soup—not too strong. A spoonful every half hour. Now, Tom, my man, take his legs. So! You had better come with us, Miss Barbara, to see that the room is in order."

Barbara followed, a mute protest expressed in her face, and Bream and the gardener bore their patient to the loft. It was not until they got him there that Bream noticed a ragged and dirty piece of paper clenched in the man's hand. It seemed as if, even in his mental prostration and physical exhaustion, he blindly attached some value to it, for he feebly resented the curate's effort to take it from his fingers.

On it was written, in thin rusty ink, in straggling formless characters, these words:

"Barbara Leigh,  
'Crouchford Court, Crouchford, Essex.'"

He read the words aloud, and was electrified by a sudden scream from the woman at his side.

"Lord sakes, it's Jake!"

"Jake!" said Bream. "You know him?"

"Know him! He's my own very brother-in-law—Jake Owen, as married my sister ten years' ago and took her to Ameriky!"

(To be continued.)

## Literary Notes.

The *Melbourne Review*, one of the leading periodicals of Australia, is to be re-established as a shilling monthly.

The late Mr. Kinglake was a most voracious reader, his favourite subject being fiction. He was especially fond of Mrs. Oliphant's novels.

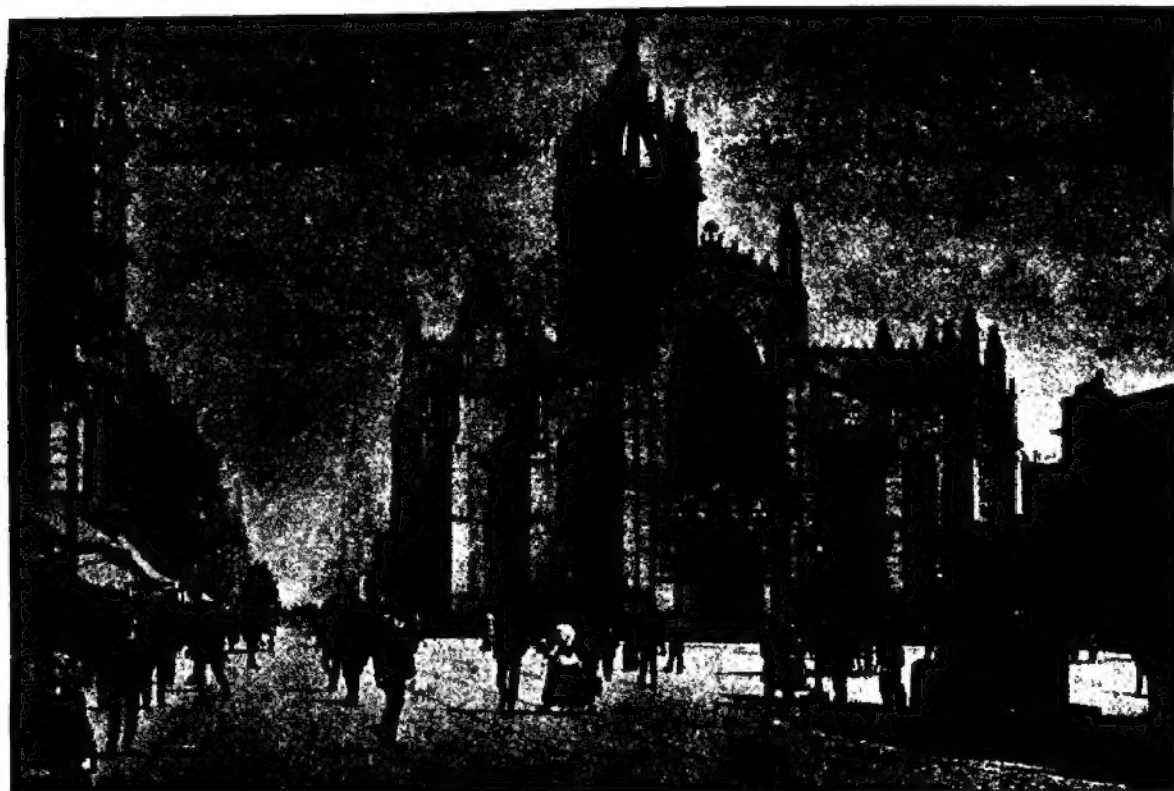
Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's "Life, Letters and Friendships of Lord Houghton," has met with such success that two editions have already been exhausted, and a third was issued last week.

Mr. Latey, to whom we referred recently as retiring from the editorship of the *Illustrated London News*, after 48 years' service, did not live long to enjoy his well-earned leisure, he dying of pleurisy on 6th inst.

The sale of the Thackeray manuscripts and sketches in London recently brought some extraordinary prices. A letter to an old schoolfellow was sold for £38; a few lines of Latin verse £15, and an old lexicon that the great novelist had used at school and scibbled over with sketches brought £11.

Mr. Charles Samuel Keene, whose sketches have adorned *Punch* for many years, extending back to 1849, died on 31st December, aged 67. His special forte lay in illustrations of the humbler classes, street incidents, etc., which he treated with marvellous skill. His signature, ("C. K.") will be much missed by readers of the great English comic journal.





ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

## A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

"They dreamed not of a perishable house  
Who thus could build."

—Wordsworth.

PART I.—SCOTLAND.

### The Cathedral Church of St. Giles.

In the ages we are pleased to call the dark—when half the world fought and the other half prayed—piety, however corrupted by superstition, had this redeeming feature: it delighted to give to God of its best. For God the architect planned and the workman builded; for God the artist painted and the poet and the musician sang; for God burned the lamp of philosophy as well as that of religion.

It was in those days that Gothic architecture was perfected. It was an expression not only of the feeling that when God condescends to dwell in temples made with hands, these, so far as our poor means and conceptions will allow, should symbolize His Majesty, but of another not less important—that "each minute and unseen part" is, equally with the greatest, to His honor and glory. Hence in the cathedrals and abbeys that arose from Iona to Rome, foundations were laid and columns raised, and finials carved, with equal care. If, as was once said, the Grecian portico is worthy to be the model of temples in Elysium, the Gothic cathedral is surely, as far as anything built with hands can be, worthy to be the temple of the living God.

That Scotland, poor and semi-barbarous as she was, was in such matters not behind her more prosperous neighbors,—he who has wandered in that romantic land can need no telling. From St. Magnus in the north down to beautiful Sweetheart Abbey in the south, churches and religious foundations abounded. That so many of these have been wilfully laid waste, has long been brought as a reproach against Scotland. England has still her perfectly preserved cathedrals and abbeys; Scotland, for the most part, has but the ruins of hers. The reason is obvious; in Scotland, of all countries, the church had become most corrupt, and when the tide turned, a universal law fulfilled itself; action was equal to reaction and in a contrary direction. Not without excuse was the stern iconoclast whose eloquence caused the work of destruction.

In our times the tide has turned again; not thank God! in favor of the old tyranny, but of the old reverence for sacred places and the old love of making them beautiful. Nor is that all. Whatever the faults of our day, it is on the whole one of tolerance and charity; and of these, founded not in weakness but on a strong sense of justice. In the life-time of every earnest people, as in that of every earnest individual, there comes an hour when inherited or hastily-embraced opinions are conscientiously reviewed,—sometimes to be held more strongly, sometimes to be modified, sometimes to be discarded for ever. To us, as a nation, that hour seems to have come now; and it is not too much to say that we have greatly modified our inheri-

ted opinions, and that in studying history, we no longer expect nineteenth century life amid fifteenth and sixteenth century surroundings. With this new tolerance has come a greater reverence for what is old, and a greater pride in and tenderness for the holy and beautiful houses where our fathers worshipped. Where we can we restore; where we cannot we sacredly guard. Like the Jews with their Zion, we take pleasure in the stones and the very dust is dear to us.

Let him who in such spirit would visit these ancient places, take up his pilgrim-staff and come with me.

And first, as in duty bound, we will wander to Edinburgh, and once there, seek the "Cathedral Church of St. Giles,"—as, notwithstanding its Presbyterian ownership and mode of worship, it is still officially designated. There are, as everybody knows, restorations and restorations. Connected with St. Giles they are in modern times notably two: that of 1829-33 when Goth meeting Gothic, a beautiful and picturesque exterior was transferred into a bald casing; and that begun in 1872, when principally owing to the munificence of the late Dr. William Chambers, the interior of the grand old structure was made worthy not only of its name and of its history, but as far as might be, of its end.

The traveller who on his approach to Edinburgh sees the graceful decorated lantern or crown which, surmounting the spire of St. Giles, towers over the Old Town and is visible many miles distant,—is apt to be disappointed

when, on reaching the church, he finds it outwardly so little imposing. For what is lacking in this respect, however, its situation may atone. Standing in the middle of the High street, that venerable thoroughfare which has the castle at one end and Holyrood at the other; which, "has borne upon its pavements the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last six or seven hundred years;"—old associations gather thickly about it, and tragic memories seem to fill the air. Close beside it stood the old toll-booth—the "Heart of Midlothian," and the ancient City Cross, on whose destroyer, Scott uttered his "minstrel's malison." Near it still stands the Parliament House, with its Great Hall, fortunately unchanged, where James, Duke of York, sat to try the friends of the Covenant, and Sir George Mackenzie—that "noble wit of Scotland," as Dryden calls him—won, as King's advocate, his more lasting title of "Bloody Mackenzie." Near it too is the spot where the assembled nobles and citizens laid the remains of Knox, and where the fierce Morton pronounced the memorable eulogium: "There lies he who never feared the face of man." Further on is the house where Knox wrote his history, where he marvellously escaped the bullet of an assassin, and where at length he died—"not so much oppressed with years, as worn out and exhausted by his extraordinary labor of body and anxiety of mind." On yonder gallery of Moray House stood Lord Lorne, afterwards known as the "unfortunate Argyll," to see his hated rival, the great Montrose pass to the scaffold, where, before many years, he was himself to suffer. From that grim pile went the Duke of Queensberry to ratify the Treaty of Union; and in it, while England and Scotland were made one, occurred a frightful tragedy\*. These dark "wynds" and "closes" have their romances too. In this was signed the Covenant; down that clattered Claverhouse with thirty of his troopers, on their way to raise the clans for King James, while the town was beating to arms to pursue him. Through this passed Mary on her return from her last visit to Darnley; through that went Bothwell and his band to murder him. And so, until recent changes we might have sauntered from the Castle where Mary's son was born to the palace where Rizzio was murdered, and found never a stone without a history.

The individual story of St. Giles is soon told. The original church is said to have been founded early in the ninth century, and to have belonged to the Bishopric of Lindisfarne or Holy Isle—Lothian being at that time a part of the Kingdom of Northumbria. When it was placed under the patronage of St. Giles, we have no means

\*The noble house of Queensberry had its skeleton in the form of a monster of horrible appearance and immense size and strength. The Duke was so unpopular on account of his part in the treaty, that on the day of its ratification, it was deemed prudent to increase his usual retinue by the entire domestic force, and Queensberry House was left in charge of a boy whose office was to turn the spit. In the absence of his keeper, the monster escaped from his place of confinement, removed the meat from the spit, and substituted the boy, and by the time the household returned, had roasted and partially devoured the victim.



INTERIOR OF ST. GILES.



of knowing; as the Saint died in 541 it may have been from the very beginning.† A new edifice erected by Alexander I. about 1120, was almost entirely destroyed during the invasion of Richard II, and was rebuilt partly by the civic authorities, partly by the munificence of individuals. In 1466, at which time it supported forty altars within its walls, it was raised by James III. to the rank of a collegiate church. Gavin Douglas, the translator of the *Ruicid* into Scottish verse, was at one time provost.



NORMAN PORCH.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, after the breaking out of the religious disturbances in Scotland, matters went badly with St. Giles. An arm-bone of its saint, which had been regarded almost as the palladium of Edinburgh, was stripped of its gold and silver ornaments and thrown out, an effigy of the same was torn to pieces; the numerous altars were dragged down and away; the revenues were confiscated; the building was restored to its original condition as parish church, Knox being appointed its minister. It was in St. Giles that the stern reformer, preaching on the subject of the Queen's marriage with Darnley and inveighing against the lords of the congregation, was "like to ding the pulpit in blads." It was there too that on the occasion of the funeral of the Regent Moray, "three thousand persons were dissolved in tears before him."

In the contest between the Earl of Lennox and Kirkaldy of Grange, which followed the death of Moray, Kirkaldy resorted to the strange plan of fortifying the roof and steeple of St. Giles, in order to hold the citizens in awe. The latter, nothing daunted, broke into the church and attempted to get at the soldiers by pulling down the pillars, while the soldiers, making holes in the vaulted ceiling fired down on their assailants. In course of time the force was withdrawn, Kirkaldy hanged, and the roof mended.

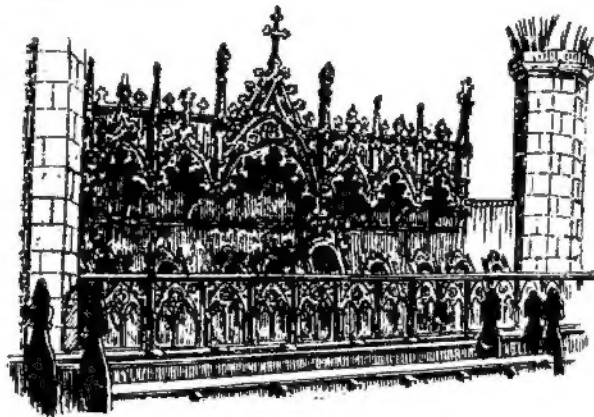
But the worst foes of St. Giles were those of its own household—its supposed guardians, the magistrates of Edinburgh. Within ten years after the Reformation, these commenced to divide, to build up, to efface, until the noble style and proportions of the edifice were entirely lost. It was no longer even reserved for sacred uses—the large space not included in the divisions known as the parish and Tolbooth churches being utilized as courts-of-law, town clerk's office, grammar school, prison, and weaver's workshop. Even the apparatus for public executions had a snug corner! Only as Edinburgh increased in size, so as to require more places of worship, was secular business gradually thrust out. Even as late as 1818, the police office was within its walls.

From his royal seat in the gallery of the old church James VI. was in the habit of contradicting and rebuking offensive ministers, and of delivering orations in favor of his own opinions.‡ There, also, he took farewell of his people before setting out for England. Its dignity as a

†St. Giles or Egidius is said to have been of royal descent and to have emigrated from his native Athens to the south of France, where he lived the life of a hermit—his sole companion being a hind which he had saved from the hunters. Painters represent him in the garb of a monk, with a hind pierced by an arrow either in his arms or at his feet. In allusion to his patronage, a hind figures as one of the supporters in the arms of the city of Edinburgh.

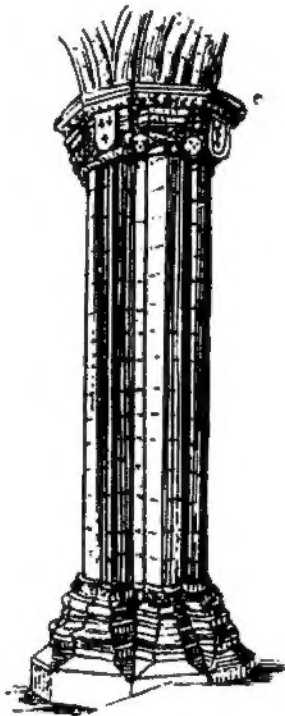
‡It has often been a matter of surprise to the student of history that while Charles I. had his head cut off, his father, a still stronger believer in the "Right Divine," escaped scot free. I feel sure that the reason is to be found in good King James' "gift of the gab." Had he been arraigned, he would have delivered an oration; and even a Cromwell might have had a wholesome terror of that!

Cathedral Church was short-lived—lasting only from the establishment of episcopacy by Charles I. until its overthrow by Cromwell, six years later; and from the Restoration to the Revolution. It was during the former period that the incident which we will venture to say is most universally associated with it—that of the redoubtable Jenny Geddes—occurred. The Dean of Edinburgh essaying to read the collect for the day, Jenny hurled her stool at his head exclaiming, "Colic, said ye? Deil colic the name o' ye? Wad ye say mass at my lug?" This acting as the spark to gunpowder such a commotion was raised that for years after no further attempt was made to impose episcopacy on the people; and not very long after, the Solemn League and Covenant was solemnly sworn to and subscribed in this very church.



THE ROYAL PEW.

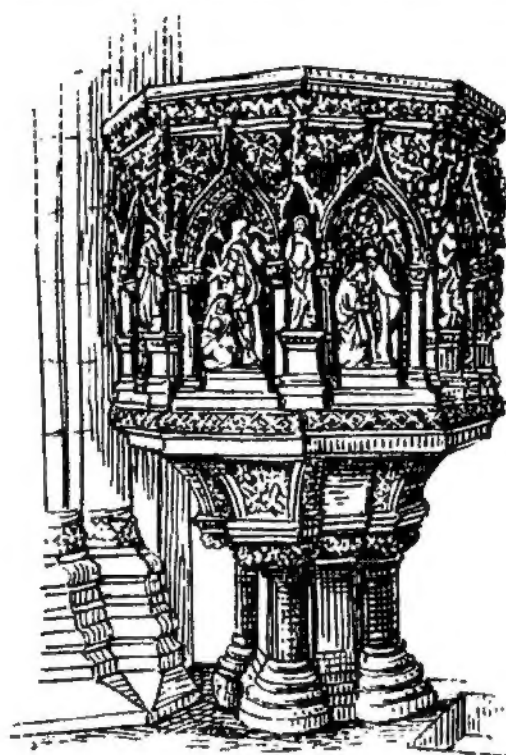
So much for the bare outline of the history of St. Giles. To fill it up, let us look at it now—restored to something like its original noble proportions and beauty. Entering the nave, we have on our left an aisle with grained roof supported on a light and graceful pillar, bearing shields with the armorial devices of Albany and Douglas. It is the Albany aisle, so called from that Duke of Albany, second son of Robert II, who, having been entrusted with the custody of his nephew, starved him to death in the dungeons of Falkland Castle. The unnatural uncle, with his accomplice, the Earl of Douglas, escaped punishment; but being haunted by the memory of their crime, built this chapel in expiation. The Preston aisle, to the right of the choir, was built in honor of Preston of Gourton—none other than the giver of the arm-bone, which, it is recorded, he had obtained "with diligent labour and great expense, and aided by a high and mighty prince, the King of France, and many other Lords of France." Opening southward from this is the Montrose aisle, where the "Great Marquis" was buried. How old traditions linger in Scottish hearts! Going down into the Montrose vault, a few years ago, I found there a white rose—the rose of the Stewarts, of course—fresh and beautiful. "Ah!" said the guide, in answer to my question, "it maun hae been the auld leddies that were here. They said they had come far; and when one o' them lifted her veil to kiss the stone, I saw she was greetin'." An ill-fated but always dearly loved race; it seems to me that a little bit of pathos might reach even your selfish hearts, in the dust of which they have long made part.



THE KING'S PILLAR.

Yon pillar in the choir, known as the King's Pillar, bears shields with the arms of James II, of his queen, Mary of Guebres, of his infant son, and of France. Old armorial bearings abound: the unicorn heads of Preston,

of arm-bone memory; the otter heads of Otterburn; the crossletted crops of Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews; and the rosettes of Napier of Merchiston. Here on a modern monument (for the original one was ruthlessly destroyed in the first "restoration") is the ancient brass tablet in honor of the Regent Moray, bearing in Latin Buchanan's admired inscription: "To James Stewart, Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, a man by far the noblest of his time, barbarously slain by his enemies, the vilest in history; his country mourning has raised this monument as to a common father." And there (shades of John Knox and Jenny Geddes!) on the groining, is a boss with the legend in blackletter: "Ave. gra. pla. dus. tecum"—Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum. Its great height from the floor—and from the reformers—probably saved it.



THE PULPIT.

What is new does not jar with what is old. The painted windows, the grand organ, the exquisitely carved pulpit of Caen stone, the baptismal font—after Thorwaldsen's celebrated work at Copenhagen, the wood-work of the Royal Pew and choir,—all fill up worthily the restored building.

But what are these dim banners fluttering far above us, some of them mere handfuls of tatters? They are the colours of the Scottish regiments, which after waving over many a field of hard-fought battle and glorious victory, have been handed over for safe keeping and well-earned repose. I have heard the fitness of the arrangement questioned; to me—perhaps because I have the blood of Scottish soldiers in my veins—it is the crowning charm of the whole: *Pro Deo, pro Ecclesia et pro Patria!* God and the Church will be ever the better served by him who loves his native land. Heaven send the time when men "shall learn the art of war no more," but till it comes, it can never be amiss that the wanderer and the worshipper should be reminded in this touching way how sweet and becoming it is to die for one's country.



THE FONT.

But the sun has set; the bright figures in the window are growing dimmer; the organist is softly touching the keys. They are going to have a service; and blending with the old familiar tunes, and extempore prayer, and eloquent preaching, there will be chanted psalms, and first and second lessons, and probably several collects—certainly the beautiful one, "Lighten our darkness!" We cannot linger, but we will not go without a blessing. Let us kneel down in this sanctuary of our fathers, and pray to our father's God!

N. M. MACLEOD.



# FOR FAITH AND KING

## A ROMANCE OF VILLE-MARIE

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"But assuredly," responded the grocer, who, in his haste, had forgotten to remove his night cap of blue wool, the corner of which dangled rakishly over his left eye, "it is the English who will make mince meat of us; indeed, we shall be devoured."

"Ah, my good St. Anne," cried a young woman, whose short skirt of homespun revealed a trim pair of ankles, "can anyone tell if they are numerous, these sorcerers of English?"

"Numerous! Dame! but like the sands of the sea. Two hundred fire-eaters are close at hand." A soldier, who was passing, amuses himself at the expense of the popular terror.

"Javotte! Javotte!" The woman shrieked waving her hands excitedly. "Five hundred English are upon us; we are all to be scalped and taken prisoners immediately."

All the military and most of the bourgeois were under arms; among the soldiers were old men and young lads, who, in ordinary cases, would have been considered unfit for service. Women and children, who came in from the surrounding country, were busily occupied in carrying their poor possessions to the shelter of the Citadel or the convents. Here an invalid, ghastly pale, was carried past on a rude stretcher, there an old man crawled feebly on, leaning on his daughter's arm, and again, a young mother, frantic with terror, bore in her arms a tiny infant, who calmly regarded the unfamiliar scene of tumult and confusion.

"Make way there, make way," cried a stout, robust woman, who was bearing a large chest, into which she had thrown *pêle-mêle* everything she could collect—clothing, furniture and cooking utensils.

"Make way there, yourself, Pétronille," retorted the sharp, quivering voice of a tiny, withered old crone, staggering under the weight of a feather bed. "Chut, screech owl, see to it."

"Allons! Mère Poisson, bite with but one tooth. Rest tranquil, I pray you. At your age it would appear more seemly to repose upon your mattress than to drag it about the streets."

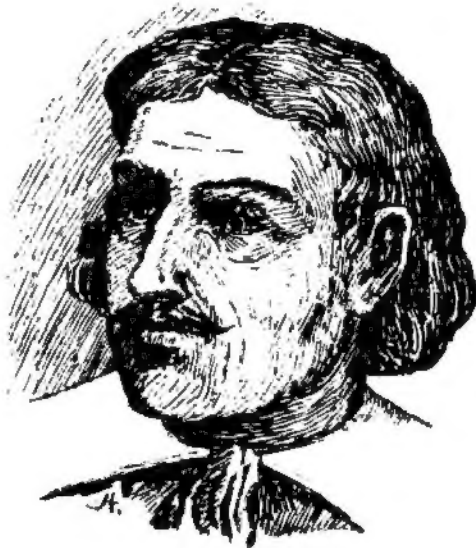
"And your things had better be burnt, it is so long since they have touched water."

The shrewish Pétronille roughly jostled her neighbour, who fell against a child carrying a clock; the glass cracked into splinters, while a nail, standing out from the chest, tore a hole in the mattress, from which the feathers escaped, flying out in a cloud. The child cried, the old woman lamented loudly, but Pétronille, without even turning her head, pushed her way resolutely on.

It was decided that M. de Callières would encamp at La Prairie to meet Schuyler's attack, while Valrume, an officer of birth and ability, should proceed to Chambly with a hundred and sixty regulars and Canadians, a body of Huron and Algonquin converts and a band of Algonquins from the Ottawa.

"Du Chêne goes in command of the Canadians," Le Ber spoke with a long drawn sigh, quivering it seemed through the very flesh of his heart, that ached physically. These tragic episodes were hindrances to his own serious interests; affection for his youngest son was entwined with the closest fibres of his nature, and no one recognized the dangers of forest warfare more clearly than the grave burgher, who had often himself saved his country.

"They are going to lay siege to Paradise, to win it and enter in, because they are fighting for religion and the faith." A sort of passionate insistence contrasted with the ordinary calm preciseness of Pierre's level tones.



LE BER.

"It is but a plain duty, a soldier belongs to his country. It is an honour that Du Chêne should have been selected, my uncle. How proud we shall be when he returns covered with glory." The liquid voice, speaking with a sort of divine compassion and tenderness, penetrated to the very core of the man's scheming, worldly being. He regarded his eldest son with a mingling of reverence and impatience and then turned to seek comfort in Diane's open, steadfast gaze.

"Certainly, times may change, my rabbit," shrugging his shoulders with great emphasis.

The spectacle of a courage absolutely free from egotism was too common to attract much attention. It was difficult to identify the proud and capricious beauty with the gentle girl whose watchful eyes and helpful hand were at the service of all, who, in a frank, high-hearted fashion, dealt out lavishly cheer and sympathy, right and left, face to face, hand to hand. With surprise, those about her watched her throwing off her dainty air of stateliness and growing sweet and womanly in the glory and glimmer of self-sacrifice.

"Diane, I can trust you." Out of the careless gladness of his youth Du Chêne was going forth to meet the solemn future, full of lights and shadows. Nature, *prévoyant*, tingled into his heart an inarticulate thrill of prophesy; he paused before advancing lightly to all that memorable tragic fate that lay waiting him, hidden in the haze of an illumination that never assumes visible shape or form. Grasping the outstretched, slender hands so hard that the pressure hurt the girl, he regarded her with a subdued and silent tenderness, such as he might bestow upon a sister. There was a shadow of anxious care upon the merry, boyish face. He sought assurance and comfort, and, as he watched the moist, red mouth, close, firm and sweet, above the delicate chin, he was persuaded that his expectations would not be disappointed. With a sob of excitement and agitation swelling in her throat, Diane returned his glance. A cry of momentary anguish almost escaped her, but she scorned herself for her want of intrepidity and forced a smile upon lips that quivered. It was encouragement to strengthen his heart in time of need, not weak repining that a man had a right to expect from the women who love him.

"I have experienced too much of forest warfare not to know that I take my life—aye, and carry it lightly in my hand. I know that you will be a true daughter to my father, and for Pierre—that good Pierre." Knitting his brows in perplexity over a problem to which he had failed to find a solution. "But things arrange themselves, Diane; I have promised a mass in honor of the good St. Anne that it may be so, though I know not how."

Diane's heart suddenly stilled its fluttering and sank like lead. Of what interest, at this supreme moment, were the concerns of Pierre.

"We have ever been as brother and sister, is it not so, little one? Before we part I would share my secret with you." The conscious face, with its hot colour and drooping eyes, the air of happy confusion that sat so oddly upon impetuous, light-hearted Du Chêne, the tenderness that softened the force and boldness of his features thrilled Made-moiselle de Monestrol.

"On my return I shall ask my father's sanction to make Lydia my wife. Should success attend our arms, it will be a propitious moment to win a hearing. From the first moment my eyes rested upon the English captive, I have loved her. All through the winter I have passed through toil and danger and carnage, then her tender presence dawned upon me like some rising star of peace and repose. You, too, have been won by her sweetness. For my sake protect and care for my treasure."

Diane's rich colour had given place to a strange, excited pallor. She looked at him with the wild, hunted eyes of some desperate animal at bay. Her heart stood still in sheer surprise, as the keenness and sharpness of the shock crushed the spirit within her. Her world was suddenly upheaving beneath her feet. Oh, Heaven! not later than yesterday she had been as a queen, graciously dispensing her favours, smiling tolerantly at Lydia's vanities and weakness, then a flash of lightning had come out of the cloudless sky, smiting her from her pedestal, precipitating her into this awful void in which every wretchedness was conceivable. Oh! the galling, intolerable mortification. The glare of illumination was intolerable. Diane clenched her hands, flushing into a sudden rage of bitter humiliation. Then the trustful glance of the young man's frank, eager eyes melted the fire of rage and pride and jealousy. The vehement, hot-blooded creature was swiftly overwhelmed by a black pall of shame and self-disgust. What did it matter if the whole world crumbled away; if Du Chêne sought comfort it must be her place, crowned by the glory and agony of self-sacrifice, to provide it. Turning her resolute face to the future, without wasting a single thought upon her own strength, she battled against the rush of strong feeling with a fierce, determined energy that was wonderful.

"Oh, then, my cousin," keeping up her air of gaiety by an effort, "when you return—"

"Aye, return." He paled before a supposition to which he hated to give form even in his thoughts. Together with a stern sense of his own immediate duty, which was to put through the work in hand, steadily and cheerily, without any careful hesitation or speculation concerning the ultimate ethics of the situation, there existed tenderness of heart toward the weak and unfortunate, delicate consideration for friends and kindred, profound devotion to a chosen individual. Existence was full of hope and generous ambition, surrounded by kindly, faithful faces and honest love. He was conscious of stirrings of vivid sensation, lovely promises, unnumbered hopes, the delight of untold possibilities, the thought of his girl-love, with her innocent grace and guilelessness, intensified by that touch of uncertainty that gives a more exquisite closeness to all affection, and the interest of all deepened by the tragic possibility of being suddenly snatched from them. These gracious thoughts were followed by wiser and sadder ones, practical considerations of disagreeable cogency. Just as the colour grew richer and the pace faster, and life spread before him strangely rich and deep and full, was it to be stained forever by the cruelty of circumstances? A great wave of sadness rushed over his spirit, a swift dread of coming pain and disaster.

"Return, Diane? Still, I remember, it was less than a year ago. St. Hélène's fate—then de Clermont, Bienville, De Bellefonds, De LaMotte, close friends and trusty comrades all, where are they? Gallant gentlemen, they laid down their lives gayly and carelessly for King and country. Shall I make a *croque-mort* of death? a soldier's fate. But for her so young, so tender and trusting, without protection of friend or relative. For the last few days strange fancies have unnerved me. *Mort Dieu!*"



what will you; a day sooner or later makes little difference. Diane, you are strong and true, you could not fail one who trusts you."

The strength and light of one dedicated to a great purpose flamed into Mademoiselle de Monestrol's eyes, all her face grew nobly luminous. "You can trust me, Du Chêne;" every word was crystal clear. "I will be to Lydia a loving sister. With our Blessed Lady's help I will be true and tender to her as I would be to you."

Du Chêne bent reverently to kiss the little hand. "In life or death I commit her to your charge, and I shall have perfect peace in trusting to the loyalty of my brave and tender sister."

## CHAPTER XII.

"God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

KING HENRY VI.—Part II.

Pierre Le Ber had painted upon a piece of fair, white linen, a picture of the Virgin, out of which his sister, who excelled in embroidery, had made a very beautiful banner, and this emblem of the protectress of the colony was presented to the war party. Recognizing the fact that the panic-stricken settlers required every available encouragement that could be derived from both faith and patriotism the authorities organized a procession, as imposing as the resources of the colony would allow, to carry this flag to the Parish Church of Notre Dame, where it was to be consecrated by Dollier de Casson.

The church was a spacious building with five altars. Above the great altar, blazing with lights, was an immense wooden image of the Saviour on the cross. Behind it the dim glories of the choir deepened into golden gloom. From the lofty rood screen, dark shadows thrown from the lights of distant altars brooded over the space beyond. At the head of the church, near the chancel, was placed a *prie dieu* for the Governor of Ville Marie, who was surrounded by a brilliant group of officers. Soldiers thronged the side aisles, and all the intervening space was occupied by the confused movement of the throng of spectators. The surging sea of eager faces all turned towards the glory of the high altar, as though therein lay their hope. Wistful women scarcely able for pity to restrain the streaming tears, or rapt in the heroism of some higher purpose, gazed, hushed and awed, upon the little band of heroes, who, for the idolized ideal of faith and country, had sunk all egotistical considerations. Rapturous tears rush to haggard eyes as they looked upon the banner which, to many, represented hope of relief and salvation; there was even a thrill of patriotic sweetness in the thought of dying for it. Contagion of popular enthusiasm there was but slight betrayal of individual weakness. A fine and simple courage sustained many a sinking spirit. Many were moved to a sense of passionate exhilaration by the martial music or overcome by the wonderful pathos of the brave show, with its implied possibilities of horror, agony and death. There was chanting of litanies and intoning of psalms. From a grated gallery, beyond the obscurity of a screen and crucifix, floated the delicate harmonies of feminine voices in wave after wave of soft melody, like the measured refrain of an angelic choir, the echo of an eternal voice speaking to the soul of man. When the choir had intoned the *libera*, the concluding word of the last verse had scarcely died away in the arched roof when a woman's voice, clear and pure and piercingly sweet, arose in the *miseramine*.

"*Miseramini mea,*" it sang, "*Miseramini mea saltem vos amici mei,*"  
"De profundis clamavi ad te Domini, Domini exaudi vocem meam."

In her anguish Diane de Monestrol repeated:  
"Out of the depths I cry unto thee, oh! my God."

For herself nothing remained but an absolute, solitary and sorrowful renunciation, but this was no time for sinking of heart or depression of soul. Some spirit stronger than herself seemed to possess the *Demoiselle de Monestrol*, causing her to look like an embodied passion, beautiful and terrible. There was a tremulous breathlessness about her;

her whole figure and attitude were instinct with resolution, every word and movement was vitalized by an indescribable inspiration. Her face was full of vehement life, eyes kindling, cheeks flushed, lips trembling, nostrils quivering. Led by some subtle intuition timid souls crept near her for comfort and support.

"Hold me fast, then, Diane, let me feel you close while I look my last on Armand's face. I am a soldier's wife—don't let me forget it. I promised him to be brave, though my heart breaks; he must not see me fail," whispered little Madame de St. Rochs, all her features quivering in her vehement efforts to restrain her grief.

Lydia, the tears running down the pretty, piteous face, with so sad a curve of lips that seemed made for smiles, so wistful a glance in swimming blue eyes, clung helplessly to her friend's arm, and Diane was able to soothe her, as a generous woman in her tribulation will seek to console a creature more dependent than herself. An old woman, with two weeping children clutching frantically at her gown, paused in mumbling her rosary and held up withered hands imploringly.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, it is Perrot, my youngest, the father of these little ones. Three of his brothers went the same way and never returned. Oh, my good and noble demoiselle! you are of those who are listened to by the Blessed Virgin and the holy saints, pray for us, I implore you."

As the crowd surged out of the church and flocked down to the beach, the scene was a bright and varied one. The summer sunshine gleamed brightly upon armour, arquebuse, bayonets and naked swords, on the rich costumes of the officers, whose nodding plumes shaded hats, adorned with gold. Some of the regulars wore light armour, while the Canadians were in plain attire of coarse cloth and buckskin, their provisions strapped on their backs. Among the soldiers walked, with solemn dignity, the dog which was inscribed on the regimental list as M. de Niagara, and to whom regular rations were granted. The son of a dog named *Vingt Sols*, who had done good service at Niagara, he had been brought from that place by M. de Bergères and taken to Chambly, where his master acted as commander. As the roads leading to this post were often blocked by Iroquois war parties it was found extremely difficult to send or receive news from Montreal. It was noticed that this young dog often found his way, of his own accord, to La Prairie de la Madeleine. Fearing that some of the French, with whom he had started, had been killed by Indians, a letter was written and fastened to his collar; he was then driven out of the fort, when he returned the road from whence he had come. At Chambly the dispatch was read, an answer tied to the dog's collar, and he was sent off again. Thus, by aid of M. de Niagara, communication was established between the two places. He always took part in reviews, was deeply conscious of his own importance, and was regarded by the soldiers with the greatest affection as a true comrade.

A corporal drummer, escorted by two armed soldiers, marched through the streets, and the booming of the drum, with its rhythmic movement, excited sensation to the utmost, the fife, sweet and shrill, thrilled the nerves until the blood coursed wildly in the veins, the air resounded with the deep clamour of the bells, and mingled with the fantastic outcry of Indians and voyageurs. The spirit of adventure, of quivering expectancy, had already made themselves felt in the French blood, a rapid current wonderfully susceptible to elation. A wild gaiety of exhilaration began to exhibit itself. Not to be subdued by any emergency certain lively youths could be heard hilariously shouting to one another, their merriment assuming a spurious note of jocose and boisterous flippancy.

"Lost my tobacco pouch—one quite new, made out of the skin of a little seal I killed on the island of M. de St. Hélène last year," grumbled Baptiste Bras de Fer. "Ah, if one of those sorcerers of English falls into my paws and I don't make a better tobacco pouch out of his skin, may I be scalped before All Saints. My little brother, Jacques, a true imp of the devil, only thirteen, and manages the arquebuse like a grown man, says:

"It's the season for plums and truly we'll make them eat the stones." Our Captain is brave as the King's sword. But pardon, my commandant." Baptiste took the freedom of an old servant. "Pardon, but it is, indeed, an evil day to start on an expedition."

"And why, pray, Master Baptiste? What are you croaking there, old bird of ill-omen?" All shade of melancholy had passed from Du Chêne's spirit. His face was all alert with martial excitement.

"Is not to-day Friday? Don't laugh, my commandant, the day of ill-luck."

"Bah! old wives' tales." Du Chêne laughed merrily.

Bras de Fer shook his head in solemn disapprobation.

Nanon, who for the last few days had been restless as an unquiet spirit, had followed her mistress down to the beach and now stood close at hand. The Frenchwoman's rich, brown complexion had turned to dark, chalk colour; her cap was pushed carelessly to the extreme crown of her head; the crushed lappets hung limply over her shoulders; her eyes were red and swollen with crying.

Pierre smoking his pipe, eyed her reflectively. An heroic resolve was slowly assuming definite proportions in his brain. He meditated upon his long, hopeless passion, upon all the wit and sparkling vivacity that rendered his cruel love charming, the oppressive thralldom in which she had held him, the burning pain of jealousy which he had so patiently endured. No one knew better the dangers of such an expedition or dreaded them less than Baptiste Bras de Fer, but then he might never see Nanon again, and the thought inspired the great, simple fellow with a more desperate courage than any required to resist the attacks of English or Iroquois. He stretched out his strong, right arm, quietly took possession of his coquettish mistress, enveloped her in a great bear's hug, kissed her once, twice, a dozen times, then, recovering himself, loosened his hold. Remembering the enormity of his offence, he stood humbled and contrite, with bowed head, to receive the punishment of his audacity. He had no idea of what form the tempest, which was to break on his devoted head, would assume, but even the noisiest clamour of Nanon's sharp tongue would be less terrible to bear than this breathless silence. Feeling that he could endure it no longer he burst out impetuously:

"I don't care, I could not help it: I could no longer contain myself. If to-morrow I am scalped or thrown into the Iroquois' kettle I'll have had the satisfaction of feeling what it would be like; if you were my own girl, who would welcome me back, if I return, and mourn for me should I fall."

There was still silence. It was hard that she should remain obdurate at such a moment. Bras de Fer at last found courage to steal an anxious, imploring glance in the direction of his sweetheart. Nanon stood still as a statue, the warm tears were streaming down her cheeks, but a strange, happy smile lingered about her lips. Baptiste fairly gasped. A bewildering possibility stole away his breath. Nanon squared her shoulders, her eyes flaming with unspoken accusations.

"If you please, M'sieur Baptiste Bras de Fer. Your wits have been long wool-gathering; say, then, my fine big fellow, is it possible that you have found them at last?"

Du Chêne had drawn Lydia apart from the crowd. The girl, sobbing convulsively, clung to him, as taking her hands in his his eyes went slowly over her from head to foot. He was silent as one who, seeing a face he loves for the last time, would take the memory of it to the wide world's end.

"Stay, let the others go; what does it matter? Do not leave me!"

A low, pitiful broken-hearted wail, like that of some gentle, helpless creature in distress, stole unaware from her quivering lips. Du Chêne shivered and looked around fearfully. In all his bright and pleasant existence he had never endured pain like this. Could his courage desert him now? It was Diane who, raising her dauntless front with a courage that affection alone can give, came to his aid.

(To be continued.)





MR. JOHN CRAWFORD, Master.



MR. J. ALEX. STEVENSON, Sec'y.-Treas.

OFFICERS FOR 1890.



MR. H. MONTAGU ALLAN, Master.



DR. CHAS. McEACHRAN, Sec'y.-Treas.

OFFICERS FOR 1891.

THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.





Capt. Campbell.

Mr. A. Baumgarten.

Mr. Hugh Paton.

PAST MASTERS.



Mr. H. Paton.

Mr. L. Gault.

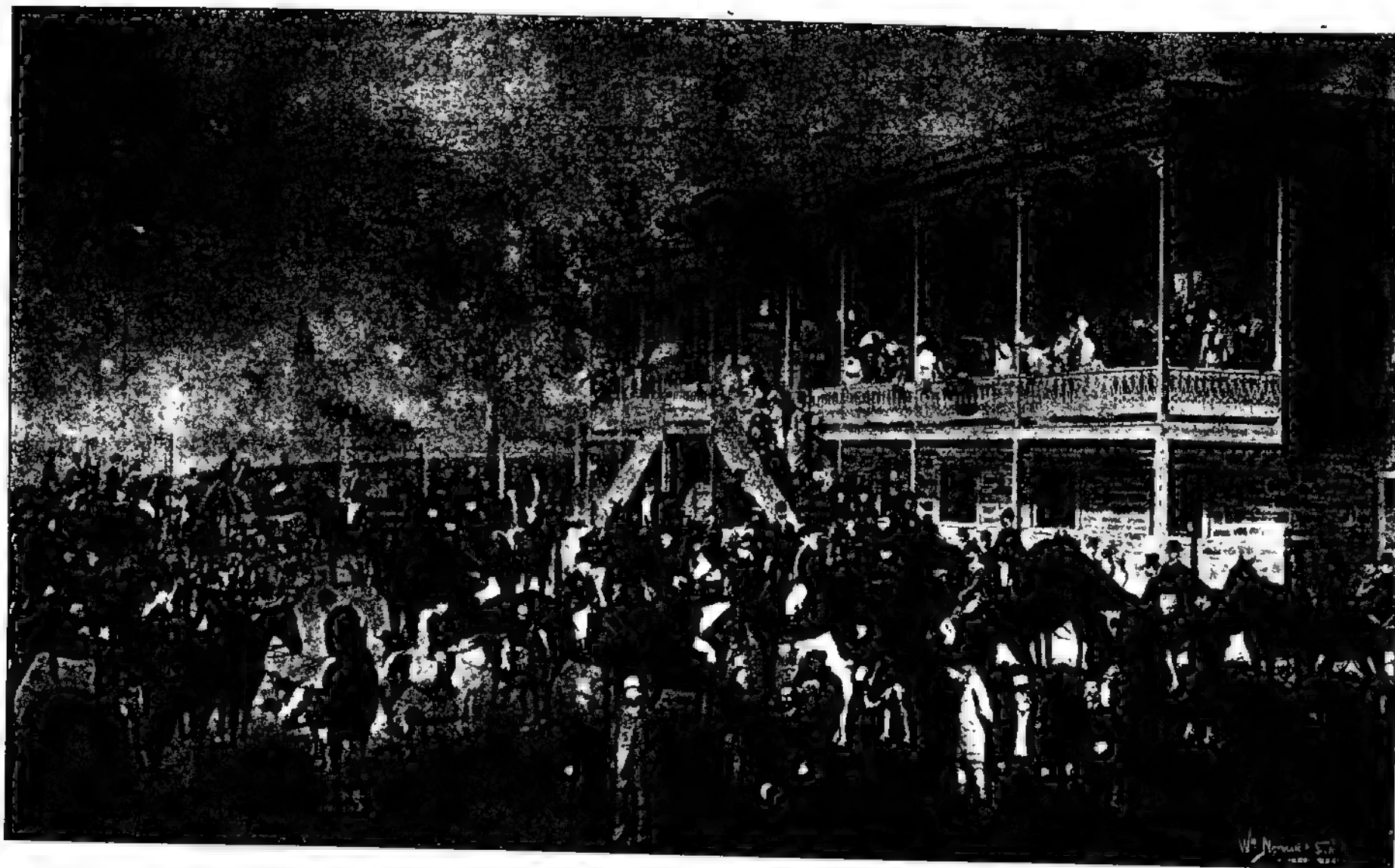
Mr. W. R. Miller.  
Mr. G. R. Hooper.

COMMITTEE FOR 1891.

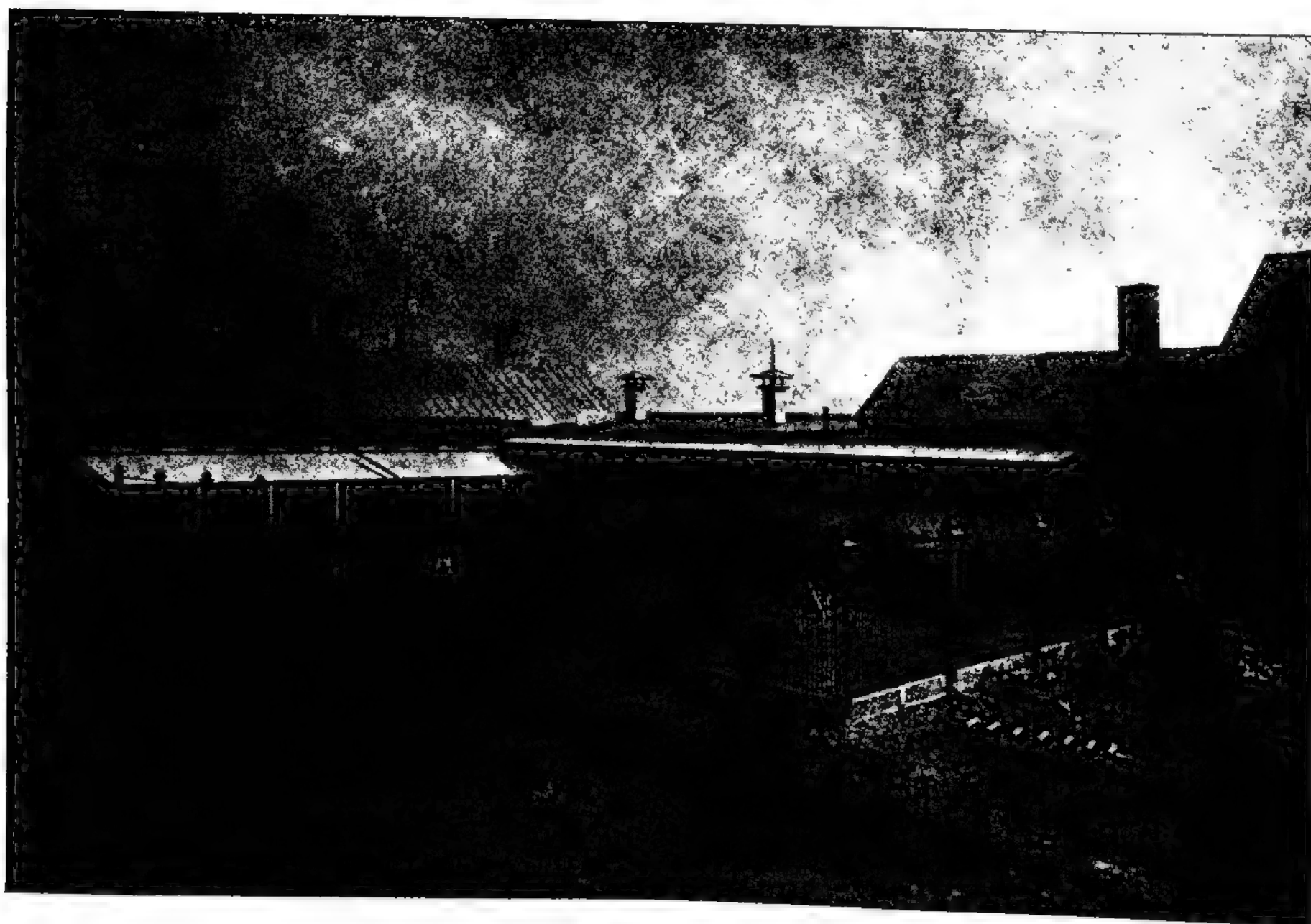
Mr. E. J. Major.

THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.





A HUNTING MORNING AT THE KENNELS

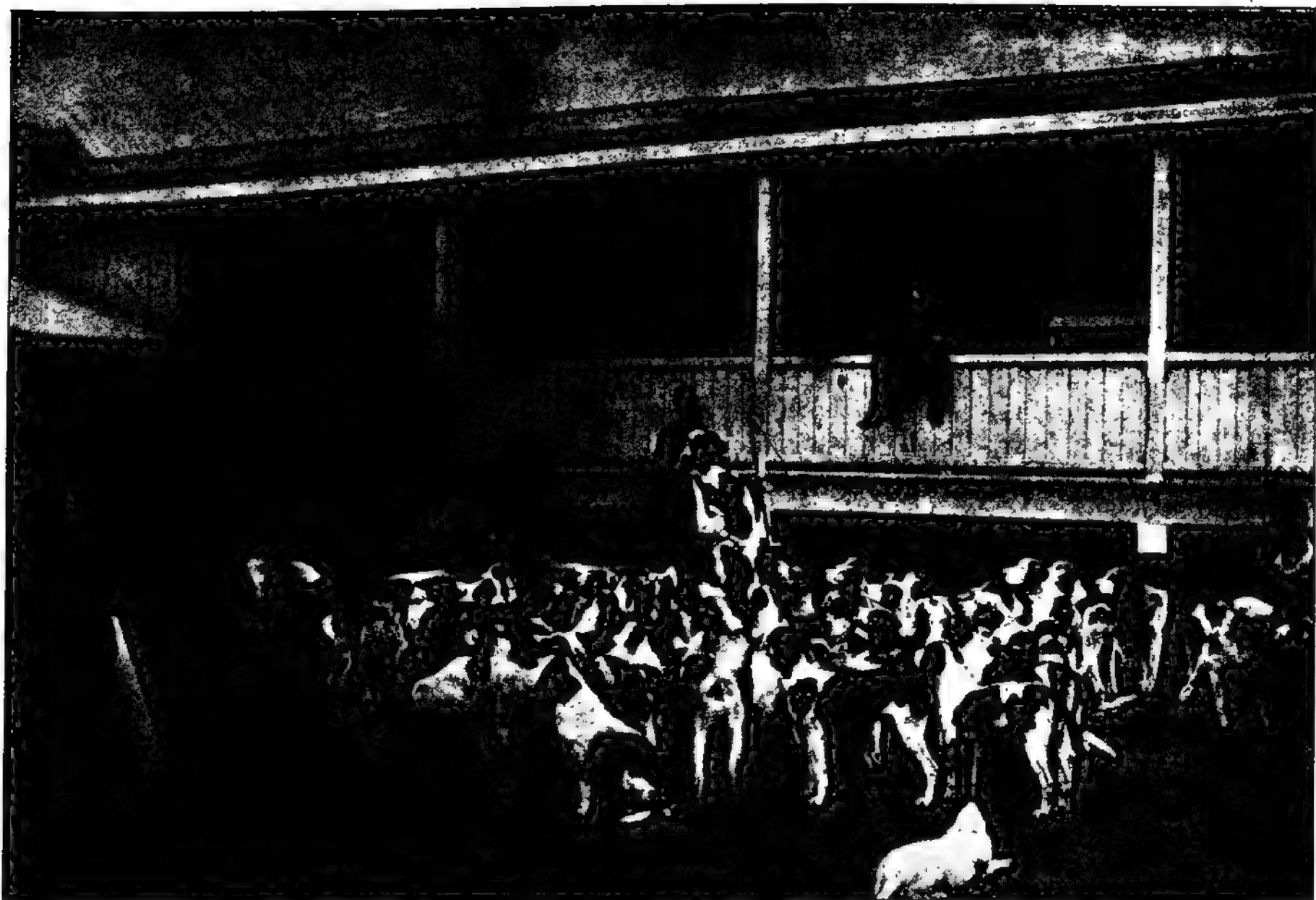


GRAND YARD.



STEAM

SKETCHES AT THE KENNELS



A GROUP OF HOUNDS



SMALL YARD.





## LADY AIREDALE'S LAST VISITOR.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

It always struck me that the little Kentish village of Underwood smelt of the plant variously known in different parts of England as "lad's-love," "old man," or "southernwood." It grew in every garden; it formed a part of every village posy. It was as characteristic of the place as the tall white lilies were, characteristic of Cheveley, the lordly mansion that stood outside the village and dominated it in the way that great country houses in rural spots still dominate the villages or hamlets at their feet. The lily-beds of Cheveley were famous throughout the country; and they were supposed to be under the especial care of the reigning Lady Airedale, the mistress of Cheveley. But the Lady Airedale of whom the following story has become known to me (through a servant's indiscretion it must be confessed) never set foot in her garden for many years before she died.

The Airedale Arms, a highly respectable inn in the middle of the village, an inn that aped gentility and called itself a hotel, was as redolent of southernwood as of beer. A great jug of it always stood on the bar-counter, behind which the florid-faced, grey-bearded inn-keeper himself presided with the assistance of a gentle-faced, sweet-voiced barmaid, Mary, who was a delicate looking creature, apparently quite unfit for the post she filled. But Mary was a very capable young person, in spite of her delicate looks; and the bar of Airedale Arms was not, as a rule, frequented by any but the most respectable of travellers. Here the bagman in his gig would pull up and ask for a drink; here village worthies collected for a local festivity—a wedding or a funeral; here the latest items of gossip from the "big houses" were discussed. The tramp and labouring man were discouraged; they might drink if they could pay; but they usually felt themselves uncomfortable in such high and aristocratic society as that which the landlord, Mr. Parker, liked to gather round him, and slouched away to the White Hart or the Spotted Dog public-houses, in which their soiled clothes and baskets or bundles were not looked on

askance, and where they were not jostled aside by supercilious butlers and coachmen out of livery, who had come for their morning dram.

Indeed Mr. Parker's fame as a careful landlord was so great that he was frequently requested to "put up" gentlemen from the Rectory or the Hall, or Cheveley itself, for a night or two; and he prided himself on his power of making such guests comfortable. He particularly liked to have my lord's guests; the bill was always promptly paid, and a handsome *douceur* generally added thereto by the Earl himself. He made more in that way than by half the dinners that the Freemasons and the Burial Clubs and the bean-feasters held in his big dining-room every spring and summer.

He was not sorry, therefore, but a little curious, when a gentleman who had come in a fly from the station (three-quarters of a mile away), announced to the waiter that he did not think he should remain long at the Airedale Arms, because he was going up to Cheveley to see Lord and Lady Airedale.

"He won't see my lady," remarked Mr. Parker to one of his assistants, "for she's ill in bed from all I hear. I've seen the doctor's carriage go up twice to-day."

"He said it very consequential-like," said the waiter, who was boots and general factotum at the Airedale Arms, as well as waiter on grand occasions, "as if he thought a sight of 'imself for going there. 'I'll mebbe stay at Cheveley,' said he, 'so you needn't order dinner for me just yet. I'd like to see the landlord,' says he, 'and pretty quick.'"

"Why, you great fool, you never told me," said Parker, resentfully. He was not a very genial host; he was a trifle morose at times and not communicative; but he was always attentive to the wishes of his customers. He went upstairs at once and knocked at the door of the little sitting-room into which the visitor had been shown.

"Come in, come in," said a loud, bluff voice. "Come

in; no ceremony. You're the landlord, eh? Let's have a drink. Whiskey and soda, eh?"

Mr. Parker bowed and ordered the liquors. It struck him that the stranger was a trifle too familiar for a friend of the Airedales. Who could he be? Parker had read the label on the visitor's luggage; but it told him nothing; "Mr. Zackary N. Brambleby, Esquire, late of Chicago, Airedale Castle, Underwood, England. It was a quaint inscription, and Parker gaped at its very obvious errors.

"There ain't no *Airedale Castle* that I ever heard of," he growled to himself, "so p'raps he's come to the wrong address. Maybe he's one o' them rich Americans one hears of. Not many of them up Cheveley way, I take it." And he grinned as he went back to the little parlour, whither Mary followed him with all the ingredients for toddy on a little lacquered tray.

Zackary N. Brambleby, if that were his name, was a broad-shouldered, stout man, fairly tall, very florid, grey-whiskered and blue eyed. He was dressed in well-fitting black clothes, his linen was spotless, the gold chain that undulated across his portly frame was singularly heavy, and the diamonds in his rings were genuine as well as large. From the top of his well-brushed grey hair to the tips of his polished boots he looked rich and respectable. There was a little too much swagger and self-satisfaction about him for the ordinary British merchant; and, indeed, when he opened his lips, the ear was assailed by an unmistakably Yankee twang. In build and complexion he was not at all unlike Parker himself; if Parker had been a little bigger and more genial he might have passed as Mr. Brambleby's brother. It was an English, not an American, type.

"Sit down, landlord," said Mr. Brambleby. "Let's see what sort of stuff you've got here. Not bad—not bad at all. Now how long have you been landlord of this here little inn, eh?"

"I've had the Airedale Arms for a matter of twenty year," said Parker, rather sulkily, "and I think, sir, you'll find it a comfortable sort of place."

"Oh, I dare say, I dare say. But I ain't going to stay here, my good man; it's all very well for this side of the



water, but a country village is not the place for me. No, sir. British born as I was, I am now a free, independent, respected American citizen; and I despise your one-hoss village ale houses; I despise them all."

"Then, excuse me, sir, I wonder you come to them," said Parker, with a touch of temper, which was not to be wondered at.

"I don't come to stay, landlord; I don't come to stay. I'm going on to Airedale Castle, straight away."

"There isn't such a place in the neighbourhood," said Parker, with some inner satisfaction.

"Eh? No Airedale Castle? Then I've been misinformed. Don't the Airedales live about here?" There was a decided change of manner in the man as he asked this question. It seemed almost as if he had been acting a part during the earlier part of the interview.

"His lordship, the Earl of Airedale, and her ladyship, the Countess of Airedale, occupy the mansion of Cheveley in the immediate neighbourhood of Underwood," said Mr. Parker in his grandest tones.

"And there's no other Lord and Lady Airedale in the country, is there?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir. Her ladyship the Dowager Countess died thirteen years ago."

"Well, you do lay it on thick in your blessed old country with your lordships and ladyships," said Mr. Brambleby, good humouredly. "Look here, old man; what sort of a lady is Lady Airedale? Selfish? stuck up a bit? or affable and friendly?"

"Her ladyship's a most affable lady," said Parker, "and most benevolent to the poor. Very kind to her servants, too, and to them that are in want. Her ladyship is very much beloved."

"Is she now?" said the stranger with interest. "And his lordship, is he fond of her? Does the stepson behave decently to her? She's got girls of her own, I hear?"

Parker's hair began to rise on his head with horror. "Do you mean my Lord Sunning, sir? I have always heard that he was most attached to Lady Airedale, and very grateful to her for all her care. My lord himself, the Earl, sir, simply worships the ground she treads on. And two more loving young ladies than Lady Lillian and Lady Ellinor couldn't be found; my wife's niece was maid there once, and she tells me its beautiful to see them."

Mr. Brambleby's face beamed with satisfaction. "Like a picture to think of, ain't it?" he said complacently. "Now who would be such a fool as to try to disturb that bliss? Not Zackary N. Brambleby, thank the Lord. I'm not made of such stuff as that. I'll just go up to the house and say how d'ye do to my lady, and then I'll go back to America."

"To see my lady, sir?" repeated Mr. Parker, rubbing his chin.

"Ay, old man, to see my lady. Why not? Oh, you think I'm a bit below them, do you? I can tell you one thing, though, I'm a relation—" He paused, as if afraid to commit himself to anything further.

"A relation—to my lady?" said the landlord, opening his rather dull and sleepy eyes.

"Yes, a relation—a near relation—a relation by marriage, any way!" And then Mr. Brambleby roared out a sudden laugh, as if the idea were more amusing than he had realized at first.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to see the Countess," said Parker, after a minute's pause. "Even if you go up to Cheveley; for I suppose—" almost with a sneer—"that you mean to go."

"Of course I mean to go; what's more I mean to stay there. I'm going to be Lord Airedale's guest for a few days, I can tell you."

"But," said Parker drily, "they're not entertaining visitors just at present at Cheveley. Lady Airedale is seriously ill."

He had produced an impression at last. Mr. Brambleby's jaw suddenly fell; his colour grew more purple than florid, and his hand shook as he laid down the whiskey.

"Seriously?" he asked.

"It's an illness of long standing. She's had all the best London doctors, and gone about from one place to another in search of health, but all to no purpose. Better keep at home I always think. And I'm afraid this is the last of it. They say she's dying fast."

"Good Lord!" gasped Mr. Brambleby. "But it can't be true. When I've come all the way over from America

just to speak to her—I'll go up to the castle this very night and see."

"Oh no, sir; no, sir. That would never do, I'm afraid," said Parker, with a shake of the head and a little smile. "Why, it's close on their dinner time; and, besides, my lady will have gone to sleep maybe; you can't go at that hour unless you've got an invitation, or they're expecting you!"

"Well, no, they ain't exactly expecting me," said Brambleby, with a queer little laugh. "I should startle them considerably, that's a fact. I surmise I'll take your advice, Mr. Landlord, and sleep here to-night. Then I can walk up to the Earl's palatial halls to-morrow morning."

He made the allusion to Cheveley in what Parker took to be a sneering tone, and the landlord withdrew, feeling somewhat offended with his guest. "He isn't a gentleman, not a bit of it, though he does wear diamond rings," he said to Mary when he reached the safe seclusion of the bar; "he's a commercial gent, I fancy, or one of those pig-dealers from Chicago that one reads about in the papers. But he did look cast down all of a sudden when he heard that my lady was so bad; he turned purple about the gills and chalky-white, I can tell you."

"Nobody knows much about my lady," said Mary, who was sitting at her work, behind the bar, no customers being present. "Perhaps he is one of her relations—who's made a fortune in America."

"Let us hope so," said the landlord, gloomily; but he thrust out his lips and shook his head as if he did not anticipate so satisfactory an explanation of Mr. Brambleby's visit to Cheveley.

But death was already at the Earl of Airedale's door, an earlier visitor than even Mr. Brambleby, who had purposed to call betimes. The Countess died as the dawn came stealing in, at three o'clock in the morning, and the news reached the Airedale Arms before six. But the landlord refused to let the guest be told. "He said he'd have his 'ot water at eight," said Parker, obstinately. "And at eight o'clock he'll hear the bell toll, and Jim can tell him who it is, and nobody need disturb him till then. I believe it's all gammon that he's a relation of her ladyship. He looks like a Countess's brother, or cousin, or something, don't he?" Mr. Parker was waxing quite sarcastic in his repudiation of the idea.

Mr. Brambleby, however, not knowing what had happened, awoke at five o'clock, and felt too restless and overheated to sleep any longer. He rose about six, dressed himself leisurely, and descended the stairs. There was only one entrance to the Airedale Arms, and that was through the bar. The door stood wide open, but the bar and the entrance hall were deserted, for the landlord and his satellites were discussing the recent news in the backyard, and consequently Mr. Brambleby passed out of the house unnoticed. The clock struck seven as he left the inn, and he took as if by instinct, the road that led him straight to Cheveley Park gates.

The woman at the lodge only courtseyed as he passed by. She took him for somebody from the neighbouring town of Fair Oaks. The undertaker, or perhaps the registrar. Mr. Brambleby could not see the house at first, for the ground rose between it and the gate; but gradually as he ascended a wide gravelled road, he came to a spot from which he obtained a good view of the stately stone building, with its mullioned windows, its fine terrace, its solemn-looking cedar trees. The windows were all curtained, but Mr. Brambleby attributed this fact to the earliness of his visit to the Park and the laziness of the Countess's paupered menials. "It's a fine spot," he murmured to himself, with his fingers stuck in his waistcoat pockets, and his hat tilted a very little to the back of his head, "and I must say that Aminty's done well for herself. I don't mean to interfere with her, not I."

He wandered about the park a little while longer, and came at last to a light wire fence, which divided the grassy slopes from the flower garden. Here he stood still. He was close to the celebrated lily beds of the Airedale ladies; and moving from one plot to another, with slow and noiseless footstep, he saw the figure of a girl in white. It was a slender, graceful figure in a plain cambric frock, with a black ribbon at the waist, and as Mr. Brambleby gazed, he gasped out the words.

"Aminty, by Jove!"

Hearing a sound, the girl turned and looked at him. Then he saw she was not the woman of whom he was in

search. She was younger and she was—yes, perhaps she was—more beautiful. She had dark eyes, a pale but clear complexion, a stateliness of mien such as almost alarmed him. But in a moment or two he recovered his self-possession, and said to himself.

"Aminty's daughter, I suppose?"

Then he took his hat off with a flourish, made a low bow, and advanced a step nearer to the fence. The girl, who had been gathering lillies and laying them one by one in a long shallow basket drew back. Her eyes expressed surprise, but no alarm; and it was plain, as Mr. Brambleby now remarked, that she had been weeping bitterly. Perhaps the consciousness of a real sorrow blunted her perceptions, but indeed Mr. Brambleby's highly respectable appearance, his red face, grey side-whiskers, black clothes and a fine gold chain, did not lead one to conjecture that he was a member of the swell-mob, or anything else objectionable. Lady Lillian, was not, however, accustomed to be spoken to by indiscriminate strangers, and she might well look surprised.

"I beg your pardon, miss—my lady," said Mr. Brambleby, "but I've come all the way from Chicago to make your acquaintance, and to see your mamma."

"To see—" Lady Lillian's face flushed scarlet. She could not finish the sentence.

"Yes, miss, to see your mamma. Aminty Jones, she was. And I'm a connection of hers—and near relative. One of the nearest she's got, I lay." And Mr. Brambleby chuckled. "And I want to speak to her. No offence, miss; it won't do her no harm to recognise an old friend if he did happen to be a pork butcher."

Lillian had been backing for a minute or two, as if she wanted to get as far away from this extraordinary person as possible, but she now found herself arrested by the branches of a standard rose tree, and was obliged to stop. Mr. Brambleby would have gone on again, but she interrupted him with a low cry of pain.

"Oh, please stop," she said. "Of course you do not know—you are a stranger here—but my dear mother died this morning at three o'clock. I am gathering these lillies to put beside her." And she turned aside as if to pluck another blossom, but in reality to check the rising tears. She could not bear to weep before a stranger—even for her mother.

Mr. Brambleby brought down his hand on his thigh with a resounding slap.

"Darn it all!" he cried. "Aminty dead? Dead! And me come all the way to the old country to see her! Well, that do beat everything! It hadn't been for that blessed old fool at the inn I should have come on last night, and then I should ha' been on time for a word with her."

"My mother would not have been able to see you" said Lillian coldly. "She was very weak. If you were a friend of hers—which she did not believe—" "I am sorry you did not come sooner. Good morning."

She bowed her dainty head, and was about to move slowly but decidedly away, when a shout from Mr. Brambleby stopped her. "Hullo! Hold on! I'll walk up with you to the house." Then moderating his voice, and putting one big leg carefully over the wire fence: "If I don't see her living I'll see her dead. I'm bound to look at her face once more."

"Sir!" said Lady Lillian haughtily, "your presence is an intrusion."

"All right my dear; no offense," returned Mr. Brambleby, panting a little with his efforts to get over the fence and overtake the young lady, who was now walking swiftly towards the house. "You can't deny me, you know; I've the right; you don't want to make a scandal; you just let me speak to your papa, and he'll see the rights of it."

The short sentences, bolted out one after another, produced some effect on Lady Lillian, who, in the midst of her grief, was very reasonable. "I suppose I had better let him come to the house," she reflected, "and tell poor papa about him. I don't like to threaten him with the servants, he looks so determined. Besides, it would not be nice for him to talk to them about my dear mother as he is talking to me. A friend of hers, indeed! How dare he?" And Lady Lillian curled her lip disdainfully, even while the hot tears started to her eyes at the idea.

It was with scant courtesy that she turned, at last, to the flushed and perspiring Mr. Brambleby, who was toiling up the rising pathway at her side. "I will take you into the



library," she said, "and ask my father if he will speak to you; but, of course, he is very much overcome, and is not at all likely to be able to do so."

Mr. Brambleby nodded, quite unimpressed by the severity of the young lady's tones. He was thinking that when once he had got into the house it would be difficult to get him out again until his object were attained. He followed Lady Lillian's footsteps, therefore, with submission.

She ascended a flight of steps leading to the terrace, walked down the terrace a little way and then opened a glass door which led into the room of which she had spoken. Here she bade Mr. Brambleby remain. She did not even ask him to take a chair; but Mr. Brambleby not being troubled by shyness, sat down and gazed about him with admiration and delight.

"To think now," he said to himself, "of all this belonging to Aminty! I'm glad I've seen it—that I am. It does credit to old England and a bloated aristocracy as well, sir! A pity she had to go and leave it! but she was always frail and sickly, was Aminty! Poor Aminty! Poor little girl!"

He rubbed his forehead with a gorgeous red silk handkerchief, and looked up and down the room. The ceiling was painted with nymphs and dryads in a style which he felt that he did not understand. The walls were lined with rows of richly bound volumes; the very chairs were works of art, carved oak and antique; the carpet and rugs were softer than velvet and full of rich and harmonious colouring. The blinds, of course, were down, but Mr. Brambleby could see that old heraldic devices were painted on the lozenge-shaped panes, and that the velvet hangings of each window recess were of those exquisite shades which only a splendid old age can give. The Chicago pork butcher was no doubt a Philistine at heart, and would have preferred ormolou and crimson satin for his own apartments; but he was not unmoved by the beauty of his surroundings, at which he was still staring open-mouthed when Lord Airedale came quietly into the room.

The Earl was not a very tall man, nor, perhaps, a very handsome one; but his appearance was undoubtedly imposing. We, in Underwood village, always spoke of him as an aristocratic-looking man. He had snow-white hair—very little of it—a slight amount of whisker, an aquiline nose, thin lips, and steel-gray eyes. He was not, perhaps, very clever, but he was reputed one of the most honourable and conscientious of English gentlemen—no light praise, surely, even in these levelling times. The thorough-bred air so characteristic of his daughter was apparent in every line of his features, every movement of his erect lithe figure. Even his late vigil, his grief, his long fast—for he had forgotten to touch food, in his anxiety, since the previous day's luncheon hour—had not ruffled his outward demeanour; he was as composed, as tranquil, as outwardly neat as on any ordinary occasion. But his old eyes were heavy, and their rims were red.

"My daughter informs me, sir," said Lord Airedale, "that you were a friend of Lady Airedale's. Any friend of Lady Airedale's is welcome here." The Earl probably knew more about his wife's connections than Lillian did. "You have heard, I think, that you are too late to see her again. If you had any news to impart—"

The Earl paused; he felt conscious of some peculiarity in Mr. Brambleby's gaze. The visitor was inspecting him from top to toe, as if trying to appraise him at his full value. When the Earl stopped, Mr. Brambleby nodded.

"That's so," he said. "I don't know that I had any news, not of any importance, so to speak. But as to being too late to see her again, my lord, see her again I must."

"See her now?" said Lord Airedale. The more he looked at the man the more reluctant he felt to harbour the idea that this vulgar, red-faced American bore any relationship to his wife. And to let him gaze upon her—dead—would be an insult to the woman that he had loved. "But—I fear—may I ask whether you were—h'm—connected with Lady Airedale in any way?"

"I was connected with her pretty considerable," said Mr. Brambleby, plunging his hands deep into his pockets, and staring very hard at Lord Airedale. "Yes, I knew Aminty right down well. No offence, I hope? She's probably mentioned my name to you—Brambleby? Brambleby, of Chicago; pork."

Lord Airedale started and changed colour. "I understand," he said. "You're a relation of her—her first

husband, and you were, in fact, on friendly terms with her. But of course that does not justify—I don't know what they do in America, sir, but in England we do not make a show of our dead. I think you must excuse me—"

"But I ain't going to excuse you," said Brambleby firmly. "I don't say but it's natural in you to be so pernickity about it; but under present circumstances I can't allow it. I've come t' see Aminty, and, alive or dead, Aminty I must see."

"I tell you, sir—"

"It's no good telling me anything," said the pork butcher, his voice growing louder, and his deeply dyed face more darkly red. "I've the right t' see her, and I will!"

"What right can you—?"

Lord Airedale did not finish his sentence, because of a sound that he heard behind him. A young man, of very frank and pleasing exterior, had opened the door and entered the room. Lord Airedale put out his hand as if to stop him. He did not want his daughter Lillian's lover, the Marquis of Silvertown, that eminently eligible young man, to join in this discussion. But he was too late.

"Lillian sent me," said Silvertown quietly. "She thought you might want me. Would you like to go to breakfast now, while I—entertain this gentleman?"

"Silvertown," said the Earl, turning almost piteously to his future son-in-law, "explain to him—you can explain better than I—he is a relation of my dear wife's first husband, and he—he wants to see her now—I ask what right he has to intrude!"

"Every right," replied Mr. Brambleby, standing erect, with his face the colour of a poppy. He had evidently worked himself into a towering rage. "Every right in the world! I didn't come from Chicago to be treated in this way! I'll see her before I go, darned if I won't! What right have I? Why, I'm her husband, sir; she was my wife before she was yours!"

If ever a man's bodily security was imperilled, Mr. Brambleby had imperilled his own. Silvertown, being a man of hasty temper, made a sudden dash at him, with the intention of kicking him out of the room; but Lord Airedale, though trembling very much, laid a restraining hand upon the young man's arm.

"Stop a moment, Geoffrey, stop a moment; we must hear the man out now. This is not the time for unseemly altercation."

"But it's a lie!" cried Silvertown, hotly. "It's a lie!"

Mr. Brambleby stood his ground with undiminished self-importance.

"It's no lie," he said doggedly. "It's Gospel truth. Aminty Jones married me in Louisville four and twenty years ago. Then I was knocked on the head in a scuffle, and folks told her I was dead. Well, she went away from the town, and I could never find her again. Heard she went to England, and the ship was lost. I surmise that it was not lost, sir, and that she met this English lord somewhere or other and married him, believing that I was dead. I don't blame her. Who could? I thought she was dead, too; though I always kept my eyes and ears open on the chance of finding her again. A month ago a chap showed me one o' your Society papers with some remarks on American gals, and a list 'o those that have married British lords. And there I saw that Aminty Jones, relict of Zachary N. Brambleby, had married the Earl of Airedale. Well, I'm Zachary N. Brambleby anyway. Plenty of people'll swear to that. Here's my business card. And here"—producing a bloated pocket-book, and beginning to turn out the contents—"here's a phottograph of her, and letters, and the marriage certificate, and—"

"There is no need to continue this conversation, sir," said Lord Airedale, with tremulous dignity. "If your story is true, and if you have come prepared to prove it, the details had better be left to another time."

"Why!" roared Mr. Brambleby, for once genuinely astonished, "you don't think this yer's all a lie, do you?"

For a minute both men were startled. Lord Airedale had sunk into a chair, and Silvertown was leaning over him and pressing his shoulder affectionately. But neither of them spoke.

"What should I come all this way for if it weren't true?" said the American. "I don't want to get anything by it. I don't want anything from you, Lord Airedale, and I didn't want anything from Aminty."

"But you never surely thought that Lady Airedale would keep me in ignorance of the truth, if she recognized you?" said the Earl sharply.

"Why not, sir? She's free of me and I of her, seven years' separation makes any man or woman free to marry again, don't it?"

"No," said Silvertown. "That's a mistake, made sometimes by the people. You don't mean to say you believe it?"

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Brambleby, looking up and down. "And who are you that denies it?"

"I'm going to marry Lady Lillian—my name's Silvertown," said the young man hotly, "and if you think that you, with this precious story of yours, can destroy her position in the world, and blast the happiness of our home, you're mistaken. When Lillian's my wife, as I hope she will be directly, if I ever hear a word of this affair from any man I'll horse-whip him first, and shoot him afterwards."

"But, good lord, my man," said Mr. Brambleby, gasping. "I don't mean any harm to Lady Lillian, or any of 'em. I took it for granted that Aminty's second marriage was legal enough. I didn't mean to mention it for fear of hurting anyone's feelings, me being only a common, rough sort of a chap; but as for injuring anybody—why, blest if I know what you mean."

"It means," said Lord Airedale quietly, though his face was white to the lips, "that if my marriage was illegal my two daughters have no claim to their present name or position, for they would be—illegitimate."

There was a little silence. Then Mr. Brambleby with rather uncertain fingers gathered up his papers, and put them again into his pocket, felt for his hat, and looked longingly at the door. "Is that so?" he said. "I didn't understand the law in this here old country of yours. I think I'll wish you good morning, gentlemen. I haven't anything more to say."

This sudden collapse took both Lord Airedale and the young Marquis by surprise. The latter seized Brambleby by the arm. "Come back," he said, in great excitement. "You musn't go like that. You must tell us what you mean to do. What steps are you going to take?"

Brambleby looked at him in silence for a moment, in a sadness not without dignity. "I'll thank you to let go of my arm, young man," he said. "I don't know what you mean by steps. I'm just going straight back to America. I had no intention of causing trouble in the family, least of all to the pretty girl I saw in the garden just now, though she might have treated me a bit more civil. But she's just like Aminty, as my lord can tell you if he likes. I didn't rightly know that my being alive would make such a difference to Aminty's gals."

"But would you have allowed a woman to commit bigamy?" cried Lord Airedale, with sudden vehemence.

Brambleby shook his big head.

"I had a wife and family myself for seven years out in Chicago," he said meekly. "I thought Aminty was dead, you see. My family all died of yellow fever one summer, and that made me think more 'bout Aminty. I've made my pile, and if you'll allow me, sir, I'd like to leave it all to those two gals. As a family friend—a cousin of Aminty's first husband, let us say—I shall hold my tongue, never you fear; and the gals will be all right. P'raps it's just as well that poor Aminty is gone, for she might have felt troubled in her mind if she'd known that I was alive."

"Mr. Brambleby," said Lord Airedale, rising, "if you would like to see her—now—"

"Well, thankye, my lord, I think I'd rather not. It was just your opposition that made me so set on, you see. And I dare say she looks different now from what I remember her. You see, when I saw her last, she looked like the young lady in the garden—and that's a long time ago. I think I prefer to remember her like that. But I'd like to shake hands with you, my lord, and thank you for taking care of my poor Aminty."

He had got out his red handkerchief as he spoke, and was openly wiping his eyes. Lord Airedale took the hard-toil-worn hand that was held out to him, and pressed it warmly, and Silvertown, after a moment's hesitation, did same.

Mr. Brambleby went back to Chicago three days later, and the world never knew the real reason why Lord Airedale's daughters were enriched before very long by a legacy of fifty thousand pounds from a man who named himself in dying, as "one of their mother's oldest friends."

But that is the true story of Lady Airedale's last visitor.

[THE END.]





TORONTO, January 17, 1890.

I send you a beautiful sonnet that I have just met with in *The Women's Penny Paper*, or, as it is re-christened this year, on account of its end and aim, *The Woman's Herald*. Sonnet by an Italian poet of the sixteenth century.

TO HELEN:

(Translated by A. Shore.)

I pray thee for God's sake, Who loved thee so,  
When He was pleased thy beauty to create,—  
I pray thee for thine own, since reprobate  
Turns holy at thy sight, and cold hearts glow;  
I pray thee for my sake, who ne'er forego  
Praise of thy splendour that hath changed my fate;  
I pray thee for thy name that doth not wait  
To free e'er yet the world thou scarce doth know—  
My gentle Helen! that the ample pledge  
Of virtue thou hast given in thy young fame,  
Thou may'st fulfil by blessed deeds and wise;  
And I do promise thee,—if o'er the edge  
Of mortal life I pass not soon,—thy name  
I will with truth's own pen immortalize.

COLLUCCIO SALUTATI.

Whether the poet passed "o'er the edge of mortal life" soon or late, he has immortalized, indeed, the lovely lady who inspired his very beautiful verse, and still must inspire by it other women, whether lovely or not, to win immortality by "blessed deeds and wise." When your correspondent was a raw girl, a lady, as ugly as Brougham herself, but gifted with talents and graces that fascinated all who came into contact with her, said to me, "I used to think you would be a beauty, my dear, and to beauty almost everything is forgiven, but I see I was mistaken, and if you are a wise little woman, you will cultivate grace and sweetness of manner, for by these you will win lovers and friends just as much worth having as beauty would bring you." It was rather worldly advice, but worthy of regard by young women, plain or pretty, for they may thus win approbation, and approbation means room in which to work "blessed deeds and wise."

Being "i' the vein," some lines in Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," a 1725 copy of which I have, seem to me not inappropriate to several matters here and at home; they occur in Act 2, Scene 1:

Symon—They that hag-raid us till our guts do crave  
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
And good Sir William will enjoy his ain.

Gland—And may be lang, for never did he stent  
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;  
Nor grum'led if ane grew rich, nor shor'd to raise  
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday claiiths.

Symon—Nor wad he lang, with senseless, saucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.  
"Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak' a seat—  
"How's a' at hame,—How's Edspa? How does  
Kate?"

"How sells black cattle? What gie's woo this year?  
And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

Song 8. Tune—"Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

The laird who in riches and honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour  
To rise aboove poverty;

Else, like the pack-horse that's unfather'd  
And burthened, will tumble down faint,  
Thus virtue by hardship is smothered  
And rackers aft time their rent.

Therein is a lesson for other than 'rackers.' If honest ambition is to be frowned down or jeered at, who can blame virtue that, fainting, she allows vice to supplant her, and are we all blameless in this particular? even in our workshops and kitchens. For English readers, I may explain that to *shore* is to *threaten*, and *mailens* is a farm or the rent of it.

Then I turn a few pages in my dear old book, and in "Comus" find:

"A beardless cynic is the shame of nature," which reminds me that 'beardless cynics' are not unknown even now and here.

But a truce to poetry. "What we want is facts?" says Mr. Brouderby, and he shall have—some of them.

"The farmers of Lincoln county, says the *Weekly News*, of St. Catharines, "are waking up to a knowledge that it is high time they should be united, as a body, for the purpose of more effectually promoting their interests and extending their knowledge in all that pertains to farming, horticulture, gardening, &c., and be a mutual help to each other in these important branches of industry." This is good news for Canada, for it is just because people commonly imagine every man is born a farmer and every woman a housekeeper, that neither pursuit is an industry; requiring for its successful accomplishment knowledge, training and experience; that you have only to give a man land and a woman a house in order to obtain satisfactory results; it is because of these ill advised ideas that neither farming nor housekeeping is as successful as it ought to be nor wins the respect due to it. It is therefore with pleasure that we see announced a meeting of the Lincoln Farmers' Institute, a sort of two days' convention, which is to be, or rather was, addressed by three gentlemen, well known for their ability in agricultural matters, namely: John McMillan, M.P.P., F. G. Sleightholm and C. D. Smith, deputized, as the *News*, in bad English, says, (for there is such a word as 'deputed,') by the president of the Ontario College of Agriculture to be present.

The building of a new Collegiate Institute on Harbord street, near Euclid Avenue, making the third of these institutions for Toronto, shows that public school education is being well provided for in this city. At the last entrance examination for high schools and collegiate institutes here, so many children passed that the Parkdale Institute, itself a new building, of a capacity of five hundred pupils, was unable to accommodate all who had thus won a scholarship; and your correspondent knows of two in one family who, being but working-people's children, have gone to poor work because they could neither be re-admitted to their old classes at the public school nor could afford to keep up their lessons by private tuition until room could be made for them. In taking over the education of its children, the Government assumed a gigantic task, the full demand of which it has not yet become accustomed to, at least in a large city where the population increases at an increasing ratio; yet it is bound to meet the demand, and needs bestir itself to do so efficiently.

An attractive list of lectures is published by Trinity University, beginning to-morrow, the 17th inst., with a criticism on Henry George's new book, "Progress and Poverty," by Rev. Principal Grant. On each succeeding Saturday, at 4 p.m., a lecture will be delivered. One on "Shakespeare's Heroines," by Rev. Allan Pitman, and anyone who has read Mary Cowden Clarke's work on the same subject, knows how interesting the subject ought to be. Next will be Rev. Arthur Lloyd on "Thought and Language in Japan," that interesting country of which our own Louis Lloyd and Garth Grafton have written us so much; concluding with Professor Maurice Hutton, Toronto University, on "The Place of Women in Greece," which we should all like to know.

McMaster University, the Baptist College, has also a course of lectures, beginning with one on "Roger William," by Rev. Professor Newman.

The beautiful poem, "Light at Even," by Rev. Archdeacon Evans, of your city, in the Christmas number of *The Evangelical Churchman*, has evoked a great deal of appreciative notice among cultured people. The Archdeacon's family are so identified with us in Ontario, we have two of his brothers among our most highly respected citizens in Toronto, another is in Orillia, and everybody knows that his father was, for the greater part of his life, rector of Woodhouse, and that to speak of any of them is to awaken attention at once.

The first meeting of the season of the Clinical Society of the Toronto Women's Medical College was held lately, when Dr. Amelia Johnston, a Brampton lady, with daughters attending Toronto University, read a paper on homeopathy, urging its superiority to allopathy. Dr. Johnston is a graduate of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Medical School, but is taking the subjects necessary to enable her to pass the Toronto Council of Physicians and Surgeons in order to be able to practice in the city and so be with her husband and children.

S. A. CURZON.

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*

The literary profession possesses, for the uninitiated, a very great attractiveness. Authors, however, unite in intimating that it is by no means a bed of roses. It was only necessary for Boswell to watch Scott writing the whole night through, in order to convince him that literary work is *work*. And Mr. James Payne never tires of pointing out how, for a corresponding amount of work, the remuneration is much less in the profession of literature than in other professions. Carlyle, in his famous "Inaugural Address," said he never could write a book without getting decidedly made ill by it; and on the whole he advised the young men to keep out of literature. And Pope cries,—

"Why did I write? what sin to me unknown  
Dipt me in ink,—my parents' or my own?"

In an address recently delivered at the Normal School, Toronto, Principal Kirkland advocated doing away with annotated text-books of English literature. There is little fear, I think, of the student being misguided by the annotations; for I am sure he never reads them. What a lamentable waste of erudition there is at the bottom of those same text books. A few blank pages would be more to the purpose; so that "when found" the student could "make a note of" the point for himself, as Captain Cuttle would say. Anyhow there is too much of the dissecting knife about the way we go into the classics. Our attitude may be illustrated in some such way as this: Take a flower, let the poet and the botanist treat it each in his own way; the poet will sing of it, and the botanist will take it to pieces. The poem being, in a way, a reflection of the flower, is calculated to yield to the poetic mind an enjoyment similar, and in a manner similar, to that of the flower; but we prefer to dig into the poem *scientifically*, like the botanist, and to take it to pieces. We label and arrange every specimen discovered, and have them all arrayed at last as rigid and lifeless as butterflies with pins through them. This applies not to all technical examination, but only to too technical examination. It used to be the habit for students to parse every word and analyse every sentence. The text book should simply bring the student face to face with the author.

Although striking originality may not be "good form," it is very often good fun. What would Dickens have done without any original characters to draw from. How well we remember, and how well we like to recall the odd characters we ourselves have met. Byron used to resent the tendency to make all men after one pattern. Quite as often as it is amusing, individuality is highly distinguishing. Great men are usually characterized by some peculiarity of stature, expression, accent, mannerism or pose, like that of Napoleon, spoken of by Browning:

"With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind."

One can emphasize individuality by means of some little characteristic article of dress, such as a little riband, brooch, or red tie like Sir John's. Certain tailors, they say, simply ask their customers to walk across the floor, with a view to critical inspection, and then they pick out the cloth and clothe him according to his particular "style." The system might conduce to individuality, but would be rather trying, I think. Those of us who have recently had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Stanley, will remember his interesting and characteristic accent. If every one had the courage to be *himself*, instead of trying to be somebody else who passes as in "good form," there would not be so many inanities in the world.

It is a current opinion that popularity and success are about synonymous; that they bear to one another the relation of the means to the end. In the world of politics it may be so; but in the world of business the opinion seems hardly well founded. The personal popularity of a merchant has little to do with his success, provided his wares are good. Lawyers as a rule do not cut the best figure socially, they are too combative, antagonistic and argumentative, having even among themselves comparatively little of fraternity or *esprit de corps*; and yet they are a successful class of men. I have not a word to say against the Jews as a race, except the open secret that they are unpopular; but they are the wealthiest people on the face of the earth. Anyone who bends all his energies to secure mere personal popularity is in danger of giving more than he will ever get in return.



# THE MONTREAL HUNT.



HO hunts doth oft in danger ride." So saith that insufferable old curmudgeon whose sole object in life was to feed on freshly found fish foolish enough to think that they could digest a bent pin with the same celerity as a nice, fat brown hackle.

Izaak Walton never took any dangerous chances in his kind of sport. He was too philosophic and too timid a character to descend to anything of that description; but once in a while he condescended to tell the truth, for which—being somewhat of a fisherman myself—the world should be profoundly thankful. A fisherman who tells the truth is a *rara avis*; he is constituted in such marked opposition to the recognized state of things that one naturally comes to the conclusion that in becoming a devotee of the rod and the reel he has eternally missed his vocation; and we all wonder why his guardian angel had not quietly but firmly guided him into the paths of newspaperdom, where he would have a free vent for any superfluous veracity he might have stored away in his interior economy. Now, Mr. I. Walton probably never looked at it in this way. He was so accustomed to be looked up to as the High Jingle-Jangle of the Ananiacal Anglers' Assembly, that when he said anything he naturally supposed he was lying, and he rather prided himself on the fact that he could do it without any apparent effort and without any of those convulsive throbbings the novice is supposed to experience when he makes his first small indentations in the Decalogue. That literary character with the wooden leg, Mr. Silas Wegg, occasionally dropped into poetry and floundered about to Mr. Boffins' content. And likewise did Mr. Izaak Walton occasionally drop into the Pool of Truth. Of course he was sorry for it when he got out. One verse in his Angler's Song just suits my purpose, and that is the one that heads this letter. The lone fisherman—I mean the solitary angler—was evidently sorry for his lapsus and tried to make amends five verses later, when he sardonically remarks:

"My angle breeds me no such care."

Of course it didn't. Trout did not grow big enough to entice him into the water and drown himself. He ran no sort of risk. He was a cool, calculating, selfish sort of individual, even if he attempts to gloss over his shortcomings with a threadbare philosophy that none but a piscamaniac could appreciate, and it is all very well for him to soliloquize thusly:

"And when the timorous trout I wait  
To take, and he devours my bait,  
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,  
Will captivate a greedy mind;  
And when none bite, I praise the wise  
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise."

Those lines look cold-blooded and out of place when compared with Fielding's, who had some idea of what real sport was. Look at the difference. One gives you a whining, rub your hands together in a miser-sort-of-way description of a "fish at one end and a fool at the other." The second puts some life into you and sends red blood coursing through your veins. Every touch of wind brushes your cheek, and the balmy breaths of morning give a zest to everything; life is worth living; every rivulet is of silver; every knoll is fuller of poetry than Parnassus; every hollow is a valley of Eden; every sound is musical, every breath seems heaven-born. There is life—bright, tingling life, not a mere existence holding body and breath together, and there is just enough danger in it to make it taste as if Crosse & Blackwell had surpassed themselves in the way of appetizers. Wake up on the morning of the meet and sing:

"The dusky night rides down the sky  
And ushers in the morn;  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn,  
The huntsman winds his horn.  
Then a hunting we will go, etc.

"A brushing fox in yonder wood  
Secure to find we seek,  
For why, I carried, sound and good,  
A cartload there last week.  
And a hunting we will go.

"Away he goes, he flies the rout,  
Their steeds all spur and switch,  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
But a hunting we will go.  
A hunting we will go."

And after you have done this, it is only when "hungry homeward you return" that a full appreciation of a regal day's sport will dawn upon you. You will think of that nasty stone wall that you just topped and feel back of your neck to make sure you got over safely; you will wonder and swear never again to vote for a paternal government that had the hardihood to patent barb wire, that blessing to the vulpine and that bane of the hunter; you will look at your hands and see that tell-tale stain of blackberry juice; of course, you remember how you got it, and you also remember that other pretty things besides the rose conceal a thorn or two; how you got out of the ditch you have an indistinct recollection of; how the fellow who cleared the same ditch immediately after you sympathizingly remarked, "Not badly hurt, I hope, old fellow; you're in it yet,"—you remember that very distinctly. Of course you do. And while you were getting the mud out of the tangles of your hair, you let your steed wander afar off. You hated that bold, bad man who sympathized with you; you wanted his heart's blood, and you thought you would get up in the middle of the night to study out a plan to pick a quarrel, fight a duel and eventually kill him. By the time you had settled all this in your mind, by some mysterious way or other you had found your faithful hunter. You were hopelessly in the rear, and felt madder than a hornet out of work. You dug in the rowels and felt mean for doing it, and then you felt sorry. You could no longer hear the sound so dear to the heart of the huntsman. Then a ripple of sweet music broke on your ear; you forgot your troubles; you leaned forward in your saddle; "Get along, old boy." No need for spurs that time; the old grey went along at a gait that surprised you; that grey of yours was a hunter; he knew the sound and was glad. He was an illustration of that enthusiast who said, when spoken to about the cruelty of fox hunting: "Why, I like it; the hounds like it; the horses like it, and I have an idea that a wily old dog-fox likes it, too." You were in the St. Laurent country, and every one knows what that means, and a field had started that would have been joy to the eye of the man who knows a horse when he sees one. There you had every sort of obstacle, from barbed wire—which may heaven condemn—to stone walls with ditches on the wrong side of them, not to speak of cedar swamps that a locomotive could not plough through with any degree of comfort. Ah! but the fox has doubled, a little run, he crosses the railroad track, and just as the field got back to where you were you found yourself leading the race, with the master beside you. Two hundred yards of heavy plough winds your beast, and as you saw a bit of stiff timber to negotiate rise up in front you gathered yourself together and you were over. Crash and a groan; you involuntarily turned half round and saw the first whip roll over, and the same glance revealed a vision of beauty fly over that same rail. You discovered that you were not so badly hurt after all; that that ditch was a soft place to fall in, and that while it suddenly flashed on you that your pink was not in a very presentable condition you also remembered the saying:

"More dirt,  
The less hurt."

And then you concentrated your attention on that white-tipped brush ever so far in front of you, and thought, in flashes, about the vision you had got a glimpse of. The rest you remember in a dazed sort of way, and the only distinct thing in your mind is presenting the vision with

that brush. Then you went to luncheon; but somehow your appetite was good, even if Cupid's little arrow had made a gaping wound, and you sang with the loudest of them:

"Fill, fill, ye brave spirits who jog in our run,  
May their pack add fresh laurels to those they have won;  
At this toast how each heart with ecstasy bounds,  
Long life to the master—success to his hounds."

This was not a romance of the Montreal Hunt—it was true. For some years the vision and the man have surmounted the obstacles of the hunting field of life, and the man that fell in that ditch and got that brush and that vision, has been thankful for them ever since. What glorious runs, what grand sport is not chronicled in the annals of the Hunt since its organization in 1826 by Mr. Wm. Forsyth! But there are none of them left now, except in cherished memories, when thrilling stories of the field pass round the board and—

"We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living  
And the living alone seem dead."

It was in 1829 when Mr. Wm. Forsyth removed the pack from Three Rivers to Montreal, and the kennels at that time were situated opposite Logan's Farm. At this time an original character named Outhet occupied the dual position of huntsman and kennelman. He was a short man, was Outhet, and he was not particular as to appearances; so he did not care how much he was laughed at for carrying two stirrups on the near side. The country is stiff enough in this year of grace 1891, but it can easily be imagined what it was in the thirties, and the occasions the huntsman had to dismount were more numerous than pleasant. Outhet was a good huntsman, but he did not pretend to be a circus rider, so he used the long stirrup strap to mount and the short one to ride with. Again, it is told of this Nimrod of the past that when he ran across anything too difficult to top he just dismounted, climbed over the obstacle as best he could, and his intelligent cob, relieved of weight, usually managed to get over somehow. The result was the huntsman was always well up with the hounds. I have said before he was a character; that was one of his characteristics. There was comparatively little hunting in those days on the Island of Montreal. The vulpine family seemed indigenous to the south side of the river, and the result was that the majority of runs were in the region of Laprairie and Chambly. I could tell some stories about the number of kills. Of course, it is too long ago for anybody to contradict me, but I have a reputation to sustain for veracity; still, they did say that twenty brace in a season was drawing it mildly.

Mr. John Forsyth, the son of the founder of the Hunt, became master in 1834, and he was a chip of the old block, a thorough sportsman and a hard rider. Outhet had gone out of commission and Morris was the huntsman, while Kennedy was whip and kennelman. Morris was a well-known man in his time; for he kept one of those ideal old inns that would have been a god-send to Dickens. It was called "The Globe," and was situated on Notre Dame street, where Dufresne & Mongenais' establishment now stands. And then Morris made a name for himself in a very peculiar way. They were troublous times about 1837, and one day the Hunt was in the neighbourhood of Longueuil. Mr. Reynard had led the way into uncomfortable quarters. The scent was burning hot, the hounds had scrambled through, and like a flash Morris was over after them. The farmers in that country had not been quite educated up to the beauties of fox-hunting, and objected to any trespass on their lands. Their objections, too, took the very tangible forms of pitchforks and hoes and what rocks they had forgotten to clear off the place for the good of agriculture. It was a close call for Morris; but, quicker than it takes to tell, the whole field were over that identical fence and endeavouring, in a peaceable sort of way, to explain to the irate *habitant* that any damage that might be done (there was none done yet) would be paid for. But the *habitants* just then were unreasoning creatures, and after a lot of argument the hunting men decided to call off the hounds. In those days they all wore pink, as they do now; and, as I said before, the times were somewhat disturbed, while the "redcoat" was a great deal more feared than loved in certain parts of the province. Morris blew a blast on his horn to draw off the hounds. The countrymen thought it a signal for a military attack. Perhaps it was a case of guilty conscience, and, in the words of Shamus O'Brien, they thought—



"That whether the soldiers or judges passed sentence, 'Faith devil's the time is allowed for repentance.' So they dropped down on their marrow-bones and begged for their lives. These were magnanimously granted them, but the scent was lost, the pilferer of poultry saved his brush, while the incident gave an opportunity to an artist who was there at the time, and the counterfeit presentment of the scene is now hanging in the Kennels.

In 1837 Capt. Walter Jones became master, a position he filled with honour for two years, after which Capt. T. Wm. Stockley, sr., R.A., held the reins. It was about this time that the regular Hunt steeplechases were originated, and cups valued all the way from \$500 to \$750 were the trophies to be competed for. In 1842 the mastership was assumed by T. J. Stockley, jr., R.A. His term of office was two years, at the end of which time he was succeeded by Capt. the Hon. Mr. Keane, R.E. Difficulties now began to arise, especially in a financial sense, after the Captain had held the pack together for three years. In 1847 he retired, and force of circumstances necessitated the sale of the pack to Mr. Hubert and some sporting friends in Cobourg. For three years Montreal was without a pack, but in 1851 Mr. Hubert went back to the old country and the pack was sold again to some enthusiasts in Montreal, who elected Lieut. Lutyens, of the 20th Regiment (afterwards a world-renowned animal painter), as master. Some of this gentleman's earliest artistic efforts are owned in Montreal, and a very fine hunting scene was in the possession of the late Mr. Lorn McDougall.

In 1852 Mr. Lutyens was succeeded by Lieut. Cox, R.E., who held the mastership until 1854, when he was called upon to serve his country in the Crimea. The withdrawal of the military influence at this time from the Hunt, was not conducive to its benefit; but there is always a man to meet the necessities of a case, and in this particular dilemma it was Mr. D. Lorn McDougall who filled the breach. For six years he bore almost the whole cost of the Hunt, for, while the expenses were over \$1,500 a year, the subscriptions hardly amounted to half that sum.

In 1859 the Kennels were removed to the corner of St. Joseph and Guy streets, and Mr. Alloway became practically acting-master and huntsman, and thus relieved Mr. McDougall of many of the arduous duties of the field. Kennedy the huntsman had grown too old, and during this period Drysdale acted as whip to Mr. McDougall and Mr. Alloway, the latter hunting the hounds until 1866. In 1860 Mr. D. A. Bellhouse was master, and he was succeeded in 1861 by Major Burke. Captain (now Colonel) De Winton was selected master in 1862 and held the position until 1864. No regular master was appointed after that, and the affairs of the Hunt were left in the hands of a committee, of which Mr. Miller Ramsay was chairman. The other members were Captain Money, Thos. Davidson and William Cunningham. This state of affairs continued until 1867, each of the committee hunting in turn. At the close of the season of 1866 Mr. Alloway withdrew and Drysdale was appointed huntsman, which place he filled with honour until 1889. In 1867 the Montreal Hunt was happy in the choice of a master, for in November of that year Mr. John Crawford was elected for the first time. To anybody at all acquainted with the Hunt, any description of that typical old sportsman would seem unnecessarily superfluous, for is he not at the present time a living breathing example of what riding can do in the way of preserving an enviously healthy vitality long after the allotted span of three-score-and-ten has been passed? Mr. Crawford filled the position for six years, and during that time the mastership was not a sinecure by any means. There were many difficulties to be overcome, and they were overcome, for the master had administrative talents as well as being a straight rider and a sportsman to the core. Not the stiffest obstacle in the Pointe Claire country had any terrors for him, and neither did any of the other impediments that the mastership of a hunt raises up. Mr. Andrew Allan was unanimously elected master in 1874, and it was to the regret of every member of the Hunt that he resigned in 1876. He was assisted by a live, working committee, and although not doing much cross-country work himself, he was well represented by his two sons, Messrs. J. and H. Allan. For the second time Mr. Crawford accepted the mastership in 1876, and retained command for two years, when he was succeeded by Mr. J. R. Hutchens. One of the oldest members of the Hunt, when speaking of this gentleman, remarked:—"It can be truly said that never, excepting his predecessor, Mr. Crawford, was there a more

daring cross-country rider or a member with more enthusiasm for the chase or more lively interest in the welfare of the Hunt." Writing, in 1883, the same gentleman has this to say of Mr. Crawford:—"Under his leadership in the field there was always some lively work. 'Cocktails,' our grandfather's term for half-breeds, had but a poor show when the pack took up the scent and the worthy master on Forester got under weigh. The hardest rider must admit that they had a 'hard one to follow and a bad one to beat' when following Mr. Crawford on his game old horse. Mr. Crawford's well known face and figure are to be seen daily in our streets, but on a hunting-day it is worth travelling hundreds of miles to get a glimpse at his cheerful countenance, his faultless get up, style of riding and keen judgment in a run when the hounds are at fault. It must be conceded that for his sterling qualities in the field, his example and friendly advice to all inexperienced ones, he was cherished almost like a father during his mastership; and his geniality and hospitality at the pleasant gatherings at Verdun, before and after the day's run, which have tended so much to awaken a keener and more general interest in the Hunt, will ever be remembered with the greatest of pleasure by those who were present."



MR. J. ALEX. L. STRATHY.

Captain Campbell, of St. Hilaire, was elected master in 1879. Commercial depression had left the finances of the club in a state not entirely satisfactory, and it needed an energetic committee to bring things round. Captain Campbell was fortunate in the gentlemen who assisted him. It was a hard-working committee, and consisted of Messrs. J. R. Hutchens, H. Bouthillier, Hugh Paton, A. Baumgarten and A. Galarneau. It was Captain Campbell's ambition to make the Montreal Hunt not only the best on the continent, but one that would compare favourably with the best in the old country; and how ably he succeeded is well known. He was anxious that all details connected with hunting should be thoroughly carried out and that all the arrangements be made as nearly as possible on the plans pursued by the best establishments in England. A great impetus, too, was given to the annual steeplechases during his regime, and he was the deadly enemy of drag hunting; eventually, it being due in a great measure to his efforts in this direction, that the true hunting of only the wild fox was made a rule of the Hunt. It was evident at this time that all efforts to hunt only the wild animal with a degenerated pack of hounds and without the assistance that a thorough knowledge of the country and earths alone could give, was practically useless. And now the executive committee went to work with a will, and twice every week, for six months, excursions were made into the country in all directions. Measurements were taken and plans drawn, and the ultimate result was a map, which has since been of the utmost use to members, it showing every road, brook, village and covert that is likely to be hunted over. An earth stopper was next added to the employees of the Hunt, and the results of this action are only too well

known. During Captain Campbell's mastership a subscription list was opened for the purpose of importing new hounds, and the responses were liberal. Mr. Leonard Morrogh, of Dublin, master of the Ward Union stag-hounds, was communicated with, and that gentleman succeeded in obtaining the whole of Lord Huntingdon's pack, consisting of 27 couples, which were shipped to Montreal in 1882.

From December, 1882, to 1887, Mr. Baumgarten held office as master. In 1880 he purchased the land on which the Kennels now stand, and in 1881 the buildings were erected, together with a small club house, the latter being pulled down the following year and the handsome brick building, now the home of the Hunt, put up. Mr. Baumgarten during his term of office was determined that nothing should be left undone to make the M. H. second to none, and with his perseverance, energy and liberality, he succeeded.

Mr. Hugh Paton assumed the mastership on the retirement of Mr. Baumgarten in 1887, and although this was his first term as master, still, as far back as 1880, he had done yeoman's duty in the position of secretary-treasurer. During his term of office subscriptions came in rapidly, and in a large measure was it due to his liberality and geniality that the club's finances were kept on a sound basis, with a balance on the right side. At the annual meeting of the Hunt in the St. Lawrence Hall on January 18, 1887, the position of master was almost forced on Mr. Paton, a position which he filled with credit for the year.

In 1888 there was difficulty in getting anybody to accept the responsibilities of the mastership, and it was only after much solicitation that Mr. Crawford again consented to stand. On February 3rd, 1888, the Squire of Verdun informed the committee that he was willing to undertake the duties of master, but would only do so under the express condition that the committee promised to work energetically. "I am too old," the squire said, "to be expected to look after the hounds and do all the hard work that a master should; you must take that off my shoulders and I'll do everything I can to further the interests of the hounds, but I cannot, at my time of life, be expected to hunt three days a week regularly through the season." At this same time Mr. J. Alex. L. Strathy became hon. secretary, replacing Mr. W. Arnton, and what hard work these gentlemen did in the cause of the Hunt is too well known to need recapitulation here. Mr. Crawford continued as master until this year, when Mr. Montagu Allan replaced him, the elections taking place during the present month. Mr. Strathy was succeeded in the secretaryship by Mr. J. A. Stevenson, who fulfilled the duties faithfully and well for two years; and the present secretary, Dr. Chas. McEachran, if he is only half as enthusiastic with the books as he is when going across country, will be a model secretary indeed.

One of the institutions of the Montreal Hunt is the Hunt Cup—a piece of plate that every sportsman is anxious to obtain. The conditions of this cup are that it shall be run for by horses that shall have been fairly and regularly hunted by members with the Montreal Hunt during the current season and have not started in any race except a hunter's race, and *bona fide* the property of members of the Montreal Hunt. To be ridden by members over three miles of fair hunting country, carrying twelve stone. How many rattling runs, hard falls and hair breadth 'scapes these cups have given rise to are told of at every meet and round the board, when song and story, mingled with a small allowance of jumping powder, are the order of the day. In this connection the following table may not be out of place here:—

- 1874—Mr. F. L. Hart on Bibakiba.
- 1875—Mr. Clem. Alloway on Trade Wind.
- 1876—Mr. J. Alex. Gordon on Moonstone.
- 1877—Mr. Clem. Alloway on Shira.
- 1878—Mr. J. Alex. Gordon on Fusileer.
- 1879—Mr. Clem. Alloway on Jack Frost.
- 1880—Mr. J. Alex. L. Strathy on Moonstone.
- 1881—Mr. J. Alex. L. Strathy on Rose.
- 1882—Mr. Saml. Penniston on Little Jack.
- 1883—Mr. Saml. Penniston on Pilot.
- 1884—Mr. Saml. Penniston on Madeline.
- 1885—Mr. C. Penniston (farmer) on Ivy.
- 1886—Mr. J. Alex. Strathy on Echo.
- 1887—Mr. F. Elliott on Wishimay.
- 1888—Mr. F. Elliott on Echo.
- 1889—Mr. F. Elliott on Slickaway.
- 1890—Mr. E. J. Major on Hard Times.

On the 22nd February, 1883, Mr. Baumgarten, M. F. H., gave a grand banquet at the Kennels to the farmers residing

(Continued on page 119.)



## Our New York Letter.

The event of the week has been the "Story Teller's Night" at the Aldine Club, the literary club which is *par excellence* the publishers' club, and has such charming rooms in Lafayette Place. Here the *Clotho*, *Iachesis* and *Atropos* of the poor author take their luncheon, it being right in the heart of the publishing quarter. They had on their programme such champion story tellers as F. Hopkinson Smith, "the admirable Crichton" of America; Frank R. Stockton, "Bill Nye," and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's son from Philadelphia, not to mention Thomas Nelson Page, the foremost writer in the South since George Cable fled to Massachusetts.

Sarah Bernhardt is coming early in February to the Star Theatre, it is said, though "The Senator," the best piece in New York just now, is running as strongly as ever. She brings with her the finest theatrical wardrobe ever landed in America, and a real live Egyptian asp for "Cleopatra." The "Divine Sarah" would probably persist that its poison fangs have never been extracted. She is going afterwards for a week to Montreal.

Last week Mr. Booth looked a little feeble, but he has picked up wonderfully this week.

To-morrow is the last of a most interesting exhibition that has been going on for the last ten days at the Grolier. The subject was books on alchemy, and most of the famous books on alchemy and the old chemical books which were only just off it, were on exhibition. It included such noted books as the Oxford edition of 1680 of Robert Boyle's "Skeptical Chymist," the Vienna edition of 1514 of "Albertus Magnus," the Aldine 1646 edition of "Pretiosa Margarita Novella," and 1650 and 1658 editions of "Paracelsus." There were elaborately illustrated manuscripts of the "Liber Mutus" of Jacob Saul Demarets, Pernety's "Fables Egyptiennes et Grecques" (on the alchemy in the Iliad), etc.

A new story by Henry James is shortly going to be run by the *Evening Post*.

Rudyard Kipling's strictures on San Francisco are exciting the wrath of thin-skinned patriots. If they had ever landed in San Francisco as strangers they would have known that it is impossible to exaggerate about the barbarians who run the Palace Hotel, the Southern Pacific Railway and the California Transfer Company. For this part of his letter I am grateful. He probably wishes, as I do, that he had gone to the Occidental, of which all travellers speak kindly.

Edward Eggleston's new novel, "The Faith Doctor," is to begin running in the February *Century*. *The Critic* says that "the story deals incidentally with the social struggle always going on in a great city like New York."

Longman's & Co., the great London publishing firm, are going to bring out a New York volume, by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in the Historic Towns series, and W. S. Gottsberger & Co., of New York, are going to bring out another of Pierre Loti's charming romances—an authorized translation by Clara Bell.

There are going to be a series of afternoon lectures in the most fashionable houses in New York to audiences of the four hundred, in aid of the Summit Convalescent Home (in New Jersey), to which the proceeds of the Stanley reception were devoted.

Mr. John Jacob Astor, the only marriageable male in the famous family of millionaires, has publicly announced his engagement to Miss Willing, of Philadelphia.

Marshall P. Wilder, the humourist, is said to have a retaining fee of \$2,000 a year to give entertainments at various workpeople's clubs.

A capital joke is going round the papers at the expense of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the great after-dinner orator: "Drop a dinner in the slot and you'll get a speech."

Walt Whitman wrote a postcard to a New York paper a week ago: "Am having an extra bad spell these days. May blow over. May not. Best respects to New York friends."

The Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, who was born at Kentville, Nova Scotia, and two years ago brought out a charming book of poems called "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," is collaborating with another Canadian, the New Brunswicker, Mr. Betts, over a volume of new world garrison tales centering around Halifax.

The attitude of the Democratic papers about the Behring

Sea question during the last week has been very rational and moderate. This looks as if one might hope that a Democratic régime will push this old stalking-horse out of American politics. New Yorkers who are not in politics are heartily sick of the whole subject. They are essentially a broad minded, "live and let live" community.

Among the new books I note:

PIERRE LOTI'S ROMANCE OF A SPAHI (Rand, McNally & Co., New York and Chicago), a very handsomely bound book, has much of the charm of his delightful "Madame Chrysanthème" and "Rarahu." It is the old story—the Frenchman on a foreign station—this time a soldier, not a sailor, taking himself a wife from the races (Asiatic, Melanesian, African) among whom he is thrown. The fringe of the great African Desert, the desolate and fever-stricken coast, surfy and harbourless, are painted with the same inimitable touch that made us see Japan and the Paradise of Oceanica as distinctly as a stereopticon view coloured by a miniature painter. And Fatou-Gayé, the African wife, is a distinct departure. She is such a little savage. The painting is sombre throughout. The West Coast of Africa is exile. No one goes there for pleasure as they do to Japan and Tahiti. The end is a veritable charity. The book is very pleasingly translated.

UNSATISFIED (The Minerva Company, New York) is an erotic book founded on a French story. The description of the fall of the heroine is a masterpiece of realism. But the book is as light-hearted about morality as a Japanese museum. More than a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

OVER THE TEACUPS, by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Houghton Mifflin & Co.). This came out as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, so we must deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting from it. It has been reprinted in that delightful, scholarly way which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. affect, as becomes the publishers of pretty nearly all the great authors who were the founders of American literature. I can trace no falling off in Dr. Holmes' power as an essayist. The same bright, kindly wit, the same exquisite grace of style, the same unostentatious wealth of allusion, infusion of learning, salute the world in the old poet's glowing sunset as awoke it with a reveille when it was taken into his confidence over the breakfast table. There is, of course, more of the *Moriturus te Salutat*, more of the mellowing of age which strikes such a pathetic note in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After. But the right hand has lost none of its cunning, the razor-blade of the keen intellect shows not a spot of rust, the heart beats as warmly as it did in Dr. Holmes' "Calida Juventa." The book is a storehouse of mother-wit.

The John W. Lovell Company, of New York, have issued a handsome volume of tales by Julian Hawthorne, the "Laudati Patris Filius Laudatis," which takes its name from the first story, "Pauline." As befits the son of such a father, Julian Hawthorne has a quality of his own. He has a charming faculty of creating expectancy. "Pauline" is a distinctly pretty story. The world could do with some more Julian Hawthornes.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



New Year's Day has come and gone, and the air is still filled with the rustling of the innumerable "new leaves" that have been turned over on that occasion. It has become the fashion to smile cynically at this annual ceremony, but, after all, were it not for these recurrent epochs that remind us how swiftly Time is flying, we might, by degrees, cease even to notice the mistakes and erasures of the well-worn page, or to appreciate the delightful sensation of having a fresh unsullied one laid before us to decorate or to destroy. This is pre-eminently the time for looking backward over the past year and reckoning up our gains, both from a moral and a material point of view. From the latter standpoint at least we, in British Columbia, have no reason to complain of our progress. There has been a steady advance in prosperity in all parts of the province. A great deal of outside capital has been invested, the interior has to a certain extent been opened up, new roads built, more farms cultivated and mines developed—only a beginning, it is true, of what remains to be done,

but enough to show that our resources are becoming more generally known. In the cities there has been a steady growth in wealth and population. We have, of course, been flooded with statistics since the beginning of the year, and all of these prove that there has been a large increase in the volume of trade, in many cases fifty per cent. over that of the preceding twelve months.

We are still having mild weather on the coast, but in the mountains the snow is lying many feet in depth. There has, however, been no delay or interruption on the trans-continental railway, every day the trains come rolling in on time after their long journey from Montreal. One day's travel from Vancouver inland takes you from a warm spring-like atmosphere, with flowers in bloom and leaves budding out anew, to what is surely the very stronghold of winter,—the heart of the Selkirk and Rocky Mountains. There the snow is undisturbed for months at a time, and in the valleys and places sheltered from the wind it assumes forms that can be seen nowhere else—strange fantastic shapes that elsewhere would crumble or melt in the first breeze or ray of sunlight are there fixed in the immovable solemnity of sculptured marble. No one who has passed through these ranges in winter can have failed to notice the peculiarly clinging character of the snow; it lies on every tree and branch in enormous masses far larger than its support and only upheld by its own cohesive power. Perhaps the most extraordinary effect is seen where it rests on the stumps; the large cap of snow on the top of each has slowly accumulated until it extends two or three feet beyond the edge, it then droops a little until it assumes the likeness of a gigantic mushroom. The whole country is dotted with these spectral growths; they stretch away into the distance like a scene in a fairy pantomime until it would require but a slight effort of the imagination to see the merry snow-elves playing hide and seek beneath their shade.

Now that the holidays are over people in British Columbia are looking forward to the coming spring with perhaps brighter anticipations than in any previous year. A large rush of emigration is expected, and the advent of the new China steamers is awaited with much interest. Everything points to a season of unexampled prosperity in the history of our province. The Provincial Legislature has received many applications for charters for new railways to be constructed immediately, some of them through sections of country already noted for their fertility, others designed to tap districts where mining operations are going on. Both placer and quartz mining are yet in their infancy, but a large number of claims are to be worked this year with increased capital and improved machinery.

The pretty inland town of Kamloops was lit by electricity for the first time this month. This is a place that is already becoming known as a health resort; it is in the centre of the "dry belt," and is supposed to be an ideal climate for consumptives. It is beautifully situated, at the junction of the North and South Thompson, and surrounded by gently swelling hills dotted with foliage. There is an Indian reserve that is well worth visiting across the river, and many picturesque drives through the adjoining country. The Indians of that district may be said almost to live in the saddle; they manage their "cayuses" or ponies most dexterously, but overwork them so much that in a few years they are completely broken down from hard usage. A most characteristic group is a cavalcade of squaws returning from market in the town. They gallop past, riding man-fashion, on their frisky ponies, with baskets and bundles strapped around them in every direction, and gayly striped blankets flying behind them in the wind. A second glance shows that almost every one carries a baby before her on the saddle, presumably fastened on in some way, as the rider's hands are fully occupied with her cayuse. The Government have established a school on the reserve, and the Kamloops Indians have already made surprising progress in the arts of civilization.

This has been a gay winter in Victoria, and Vancouver and Westminster have had their share of festivities as well. A number of assemblies and private entertainments have been given in both places. The drawing-rooms of the Hotel Vancouver are especially suitable for large dances, as they have good floors, plenty of electric lights and two tiers of balconies, from which those who are not dancing can have a good view of the brilliant scene below. The last assembly held there was a *bal poudré*, and was the most successful of the series.

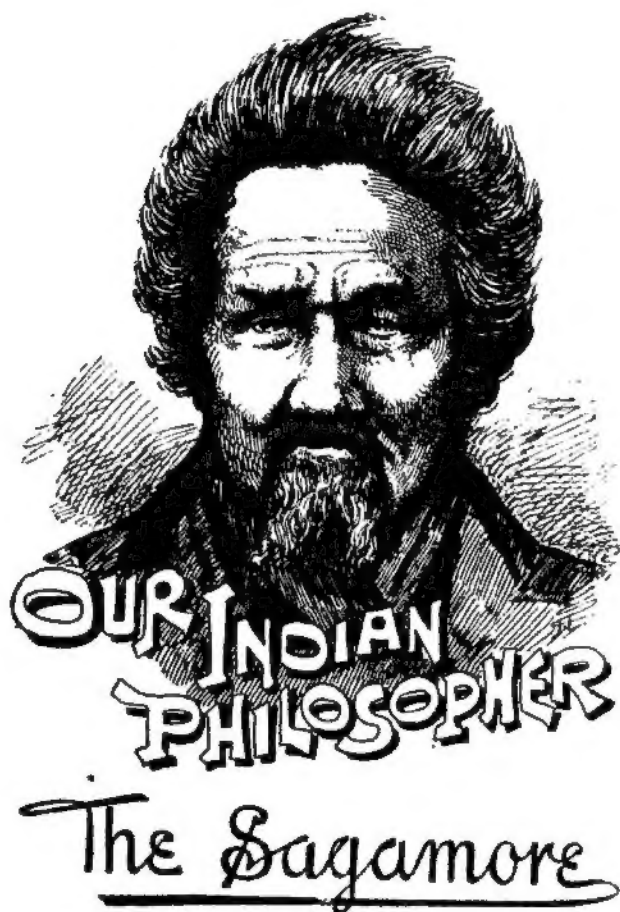
LENNOX.



1. Mr. Kupkins started briskly down town. 2. He slipped on the icy sidewalk. 3. He walked under the eaves of a house. 4. He tried to cross the street. 5. And got there. 6. He met some telephone linemen. 7. He struck a "hog's back". 8. An icicle fell. 9. He reached his office at last. 10. The "Dominion Illustrated" patent life preserving costume.

PERILS OF LIFE IN MONTREAL.  
(Drawn from life by our special artist.)





A fresh scalp was drying in the sun outside the warrior's wigwam. The reporter's eye fell on it and a midwinter streak went up his back. He would have hesitated about making his presence known, but the quick ear of the warrior had caught his footfall, and before he could retrace his steps the old man's face appeared in the doorway. A benign expression rested on the brow of the sagamore and his visitor was reassured. He pointed to the gruesome trophy.

The sagamore's eye followed the extended finger and a savage frown corrugated his erstwhile tranquil brow.

"Who's spirit has my brother sent to the Land of Souls?" the reporter queried.

"Bank teller," briefly answered the warrior.

They entered the wigwam and proceeded to thicken the atmosphere.

"My brother is very brave," the reporter said at length.

Mr. Paul shrugged his shoulders and uttered an expressive grunt.

"Few men," continued the reporter, "can meet the lofty and piercing gaze of a bank teller and not quail. He is king of the rooster in his own domain. How did you do it?"

"He look at that check—then look at me agin—same's if mebbe I got some smallpox. Then he told me if I know anybody round here. I told him yes. He look at me some more same's if he b'lieves I lie. He told me I better take that check away. I told him I want my money. He told me I can't git any. I told him if that check ain't good. He told me check's all right—but he don't know me. He talk same ways's if I'm little dog ain't got no friends."

"Yes," said the reporter, "that is the way they all talk. They own the earth, you know. And they are heirs

"Well," said the reporter, "a man like that ought to be a bank teller."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "better have man like that in one cage."

"And how did you come to lift his hair," queried the reporter.

"When he told me that check's all right, then I git mad. I told him I'm all right too—I want my money. He told me go way from that pooty quick if I don't want heap good lickin'. I told him come out from that cage I fix him pooty quick. He told me I'm dirty old Injun—if I don't



presumptive to the property of his nibs in the moon. A bank teller has more gall than a yoke of oxen. What did this one look like?"

"Goggle eyes," said Mr. Paul—"stick out big."

"So that you could snare them with a hay rope," suggested the reporter.

"Ah-hah," said the sagamore,—"he had little glass he stuck in one eye when he look at me. He ain't got much chin—jist like one toad."

go 'way from there he have me locked up right away."

"And then?" said the reporter.

"Then," said Mr. Paul, with a significant sweep of his arm, "I haul his head through hole in that cage."

"And you took his topknot?" cried the reporter gleefully.

"Took hull top his head off," grimly responded the warrior.

"And didn't the working of his ponderous brain almost scare you to death?" anxiously queried the reporter.

The sagamore shook his head.

"Didn't it make a noise like that of distant thunder?"

Again the old man shook his head.

"I can't understand it," said the mystified reporter. "I always understood that if you opened the skull of a man connected with a bank, especially a bank teller, you would imagine you had struck a threshing machine or an electric light station."

"I didn't," said Mr. Paul. "That skull's empty."

The reporter fainted on the spot.

When he came to himself again he was lying across the warrior's knee and was being fanned with an axe handle.

"And you actually killed him?" he gasped, when the warrior stayed his hand.

"Dead," rejoined the sagamore.

"And didn't the heavens fall or the earth open to swallow you?"

Mr. Paul shook his head.

"Was there no frightful upheaval—no awful evidence of the wrath of the Manitou?"

"None at all."

"And do you really mean to tell me that you pierced the shell of a bank teller's dome of majesty and didn't even get hit with lockjaw, or the measles, or paralysis—or some thing?"

"Ah-hah."

"Got off scot free?"

"Ah-hah."

"Did you bring the skull home with you?"

"Ah-hah."

"Where is it?"

"My son put handle in it—took it out in woods pound splints with."



"I had little check sent me," said Mr. Paul. "Mr. Blaine wants me start some ghost dance in this country, so people here can't holler at him 'bout them Yankee Injuns. I took that check—went down to that bank—told that bank teller I want my money. He look at me same's if I'm old thief—ask me if I'm Paul. I told him yes."

"Ah," said the reporter, "a reflective chin. One that was always on the point of retiring modestly into his bosom to meditate."

"Ah-hah," assented Mr. Paul. "He had heap big nose too—pooty red."





THE LATE REV. W. H. LAIRD.



REV. ANNA SHAW.

"Oh Lord!" gasped the reporter. "Was it thick enough for that?"

"Ah-hah."

And empty?"

"Ah-hah."

"And do you feel as well as you did before the encounter?"

"Ah-hah."

"Then," said the reporter joyously, "there is still hope for humanity. Why I would as soon have thought of tackling the sea-serpent in his lair or Mr. Plimsoll on his hobby horse as to think of approaching a bank teller swathed in his dignity and surrounded by his myrmidons. My brother, you are a public benefactor. Such deeds as yours deserve to be recorded on the tablets of enduring fame. I know a bank teller whose scalp shall grace my girdle ere the sun goes down. Farewell!"

The reporter borrowed the warrior's best scalping knife and set forth on his errand. It is understood that unless there is a marked and immediate development of politeness there will be a startling development of bald heads among bank tellers in general.



THE LATE REV. W. H. LAIRD.—The above is a striking likeness of the late Rev. Wm. H. Laird, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, Ontario. The subject of the illustration died very suddenly on Sunday, January the 11th, while in bed from an attack of neuralgia of the heart. Deceased was one of the most eminent and popular preachers of the Methodist denomination in Canada. He was born near Brantford in the year 1836, and was educated at Victoria University of Cobourg, Ont. He commenced preaching at the early age of 19 years, and being a young man of ability rapidly came to the front. He presided over many important charges, among them being congregations at Woodstock, Toronto, (Elm St.) Hamilton, Port Hope, Whitby, Oshawa and Dundas. Deceased leaves a widow, one daughter, wife of Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, and three sons, Fred. C. Laird, the well-known Chicago publisher; H. W. Laird, of the Port Hope *Times* and Roland, a boy at home, 14 years of age.

THE REV. ANNA SHAW, M.D.—This lady whose portrait we give this week was born in England, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and tells that the only particular of her English life that remains in her memory, is that of seeing her mother sitting upon the steps of her house knitting, while men, whom she learned afterwards, were tithe-gatherers, took out articles of household gear sufficient to pay the tithes due, but which, like the Quakers and some other persons who did not support the Church of England, Mrs. Shaw refused to pay on principle. At the age of three years Miss Shaw was taken with her family to America, and lived in Boston until she was eleven, when the family again moved into the then new State of Michigan. Always given to study the school girl was far in advance of children of her own age and began to teach school at the age of fifteen. Continuing her education for the sheer love of it, Miss Shaw prepared herself for college without any assistance beyond one year at the High School for the sake of its large opportunities, entering the Michigan College whence she graduated. In 1872 Miss Shaw was licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church, and entered the Divinity School of Boston University in 1875, graduating in 1878, and holding a pastorate at Hingham, Mass., during her last year. In speaking of the amount of work she does, and the area she covers, Miss Shaw says she delivers an average of twenty lectures per month, and for the last six years has travelled an average of 30,000 miles per year, "yet I keep well and strong and enjoy my work." She awakens affection at first sight and the better she is known the better she is loved. Astute, logical, humorous, profound and eloquent her public utterances have gained the ear of the strongest opponents of the enfranchisement of women, and the most exacting have no fault to find with Anna Shaw neither in public nor private life. She came to Toronto first in 1889 on the invitation of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association, then newly organized, and at once received public favour. Her whole energy is devoted to the cause of women, of which she thinks the key is the vote, the right of citizenship, of equality with man as a human being, the diversities of the sexes she knows will right themselves in this as they have done in so many other fields of development. Miss Shaw's home is in Boston, but her public address is the Riggs House, Washington, D.C., an hotel that has been so long and so often the temporary home of the various associations for the advancement of women, and particularly for their conventions that it may be regarded as the headquarters of the movement.

### The Montreal Hunt.

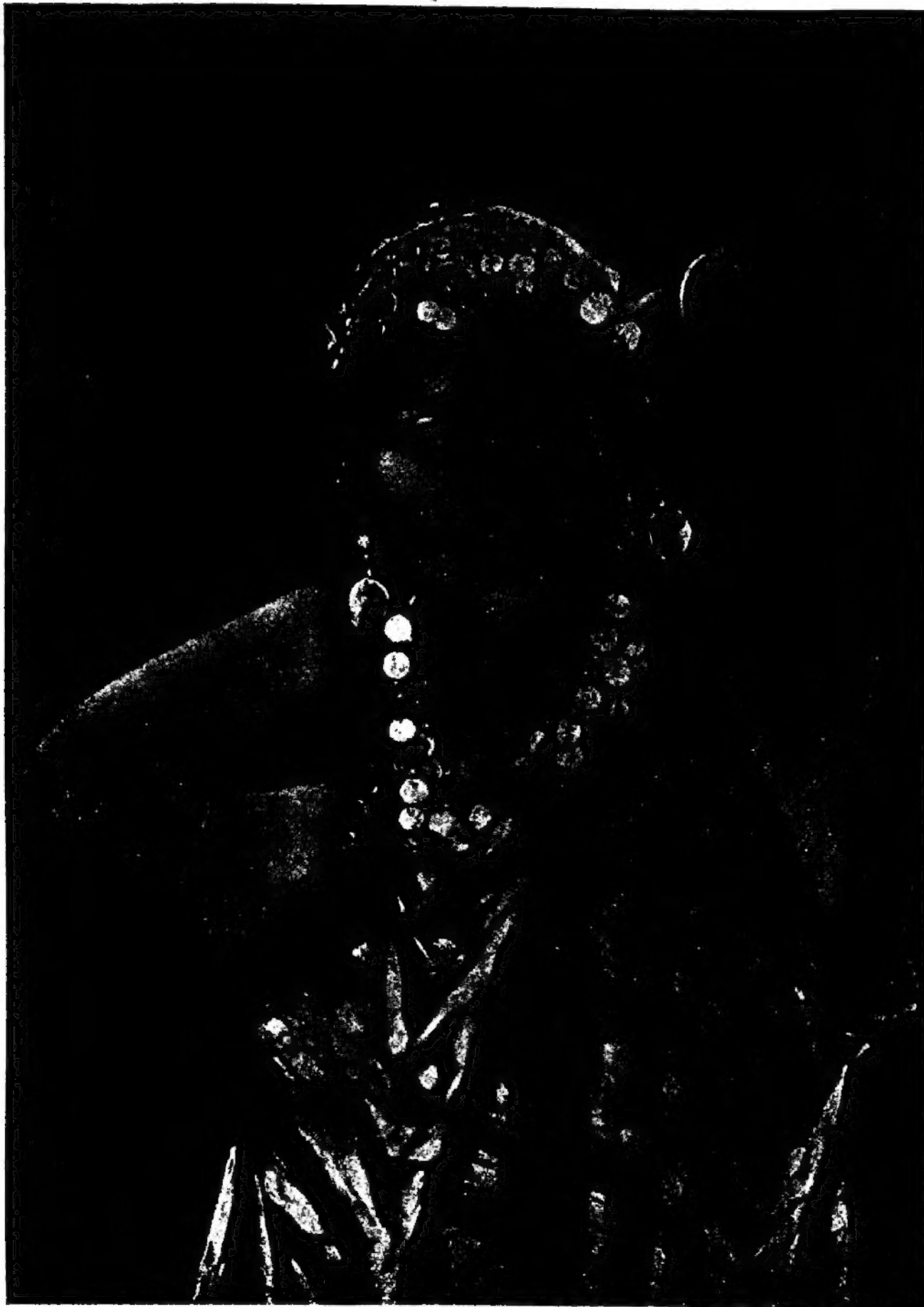
(Continued from page 115.)

on the island of Montreal, and, as usual with everything that Mr. Baumgarten did, the arrangements were of the most successful character. It was one of his happy ideas to make some slight recognition to the agriculturists for their kindness in allowing the Hunt to cross their land. Everybody who follows hounds knows what damage is liable to be done by outsiders and inexperienced ones, and one of the most difficult tasks the master and secretary have to overcome is making arrangements afterwards. The Hunt's policy has always been to keep on the best of terms with the farmers, and the good example set by the master has been followed since.

Any notice of the Hunt would be incomplete without reference to Mr. W. Drysdale, the ex-huntsman, who faithfully served the Hunt as whipper-in and huntsman for thirty-six years, extending from 1854 to 1889, a period which covers more than half the existence of the Hunt. These huntsmen are long-lived fellows too, for since the Hunt's foundation in 1826 there have only been five huntsmen, namely,—Outhet, Morris, Kennedy, Drysdale and Nicholls. As a testimonial to his long service, Mr. Drysdale, on September 10th, 1890, was presented with a gold watch by the members of the Hunt, and a large cheque by Mr. Baumgarten, as a special recognition of his services during Mr. Baumgarten's term of office. The present huntsman is Wm. Nicholls, who came out from England last year to take the position.

Talk to me about the dangers of the chase! Pshaw, man, you are a weakling who will probably die young from consumption or some other equally common-place complaint; you will save your vertebrae at the expense of your lungs, and then, maybe, you will console yourself with the idea that the good die young. Of course they do; for they don't live long enough to find out how to be bad. Your spare time may be passed in the mild insipidity of lawn tennis in the long summer days and progressive euchre in the long winter nights; you may even condescend to look on at a game of Rugby, but you will wonder why those young men find any delight in being dragged about in a fierce tackle and practically jumped upon. You can't understand why anybody should take such risks, and you can't likewise understand why you have no flavour for your victuals, while the fellow who, according to all theoretical reasoning, should be killed half a dozen times a day, eats three of the biggest kind of meals diurnally, and then breaks Mrs. Todger's heart by demanding supper at night.





AN EGYPTIAN SLAVE.  
(From the painting by Sichel.)



On New Year's night a very pleasant little dance was given at the residence of Mr. Birks, by the members of the Musical Score. The club is composed of twenty young people of considerable talent. They meet every week at each others' homes and pass a pleasant time in playing and singing and occasionally vary it by dancing. The members have the privilege of extending invitations to their friends.

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After all, five o'clock teas are very charming in spite of all the fun that has been made of them. "Where the women meet to gossip and talk scandal," which last is not true. "What!" well, sometimes perhaps, but very seldom. Gossip they do of course, but it is done in a friendly spirit and with the best intentions. Then what a pretty scene it is, with the softly shaded lamps, lightning up the animated faces of the fair groups as they discuss the latest item of interest, and the table with its dainty furnishings

adds to the general effect. The last concert given by the Mendelssohn choir in the Windsor Hall, came in for quite a discussion at one of these teas. Several declared it was the best they had heard for some time, others found fault that there was too much sameness.

The programme opened with three quaint Christmas carols of the 13th and 15th centuries; these were rendered as to fully bring out the sweetness and simplicity of the music of that date. The fourth number, a Styrian dance, by Fh. Scharwenha, made one wonder who Heini of Steier was, that the choir should so joyfully sing "For Heini of Steier has come back again." In the Slumber song by Frederic N. Lohr, the choir sang with such grace and delicacy of expression, that they received an enthusiastic encore \* \* \* Herr Franz Rummel, the piano soloist of the evening, played selections from Schubert, Brassin, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Greig. His playing was characterized by a great delicacy of touch which was especially brought out in one of Chopin's Nocturnes, this was somewhat marred however, by his fortissimo notes being too loud and jarring. Herr Rummel's rendering of a Polonaise by Chopin was faultless and was encored by a delighted audience.

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I heard of one five o'clock tea given by a young lady in

New York that was like a pleasant picture to the mind. The centre of attraction was an old lady of eighty-five, small, slender and erect. pleasant features, hair worn à la pompadour, and brown eyes which retained all the brilliancy of their youth. A most charming conversationalist, she held the attention of all the young people present as they clustered about her chair and listened to the descriptions of some foreign countries she had travelled through. She certainly possessed the art of growing old beautifully and was ever a most welcome visitor to all the young people's five o'clock teas.

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The clear, frosty weather and the moonlight nights have been an inducement to many to issue invitations for snow-shoe, skating and sleigh drive parties. A somewhat amusing, though rather trying accident occurred to a sleigh drive party on their way to Lachine where a dance was to follow at my well known host Hannahs. One of the runners on the large "Kingfisher" broke and there was nothing for it but to leave the sleigh with its comfortable robes and walk the remainder of the distance. The roads were heavy, and walking did not prove a 'delightful exercise' just then, and so the dance was given up when they reached their destination and supper was called for instead.